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WORDS.

FROM ANNE ANSTON'S "WHISPERS IN THE PALMS."

Oh, never say a careless Word
Hath not the power to pain;
The shaft may ope some hidden wound,
That closes not again.
Weigh well those light-winged messengers;
God marked your heedless Word,
And with it, too, the falling tear,
The heart-pang that it stirred.

Words! what are Words? A simple Word
Hath spells to call the tears
That long have lain a sealed fount,
Unclosed through mournful years.
Back from the unseen sepulchre,
A Word hath summoned forth
A form—that hath its place no more
Among the things of Earth.

Words—heed them well: some whispered one
Hath yet a power to fling
A shadow on the brow; the Soul
In agony is wring:
A name—forbidden, or forgot,
That sometimes, unaware,
Murmurs upon our wakening lips,
And mingles in our prayers.

Oh, Words!—sweet Words! A blessing comes
Softly from kindly lips;
Tender, endearing tones, that break
The Spirit's drear eclipse.
Oh, are there not some cherished tones
In the deep heart enshrined,
Uttered but once—they passed—and left
A track of light behind?

Words!—what are Words? Ah, knowest thou
Not
The household names of love?
The thousand tender memories
That float their graves above?
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
Yet mid the crowd they rise,
And smile, as Angel-guests would smile,
With gentle, earnest eyes.

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis-ct Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

That night a flood of light from the full moon rested on the quiet village of Lyster. Silence was in the streets; no sound disturbed the serene stillness.

It was late, but in the sick chamber of her son still watched the untiring mother. Glancing towards his couch from her desk, covered with books, manuscript and writing materials, she saw that he slept profoundly. Imperceptibly the hours had glided away. Occupation had given them fleetness.

Passion darkened the handsome face of Helen Griscomb, and enkindled new loveliness in her shining eyes. Laying down her pen, pushing with disgust the manuscript away, she murmured, bitterly,

"To what does it all amount? Renown, celebrity, laurels—what are they to woman? They can never bring her happiness, peace, contentment—and Fame is galling if it repel Love."

She crumpled together the papers, she cast them on the floor, and trod them under foot with a fury that gave her only a fiercer beauty than before. The sleeper turned uneasily on his bed, disturbed, and half awakened. She heard him not, but pursued her insane demolition. At length, raising himself on one elbow, and sleepily surveying the scene, William Henry Griscomb uttered an audible

"Hillo!"

This brought his mother immediately to his side, her black hair hanging, unbound, over her shoulders, from wrathful exertion, and the bright tears of scornful anger still trembling in her eyes.

"Mamzie," he said, purposely distorting his strange face, "I have made a discovery."

"A discovery! of what?" said his mother, averting her face."

"That it does not agree with me to live on air any longer. The process is too decidedly flattening. Absolutely, I am in danger of being blown away."

"Poor boy," said Mrs. Griscomb, half laughing, "but one must follow medical advice, you know."

"A fig for advice. At this moment I could digest a rhinoceros. Bah!" he ejaculated, as mother brought forward a bowl of panada. am sick of that trash. Now, mamzie, dear, you do not wish to see me evaporate through key-hole, just get me a huge, thick slice of bread, and a slight flavor of meat. Come, that's good soul!"

"Oh, William Henry, how can you ask for such things? I wouldn't put them in your reach for the world. Low living, the doctor says—"

"Confound the doctor!" Collecting all his little store of strength, he made an adroit feint of rising—"if you will not, I must, for I don't like all like practical illustrations of starvation, so here goes!"

Already one lean, skinny foot touched the floor, when, perplexed and astonished, Mrs. Griscomb said, authoritatively,

"Lie still. You try my patience too much."

"Then you will get the meat?"

No, indeed! do you think I covet a relapse you? Be reasonable, and in the course of time—"

"Hang the course of time," interrupted William Henry, "and particularly Pollock's, which mortals ever had patience to read. Some- I will have to eat, and that immediately. 'll get me reduced to the size of that bed- directly." With evident effort he gathered counterpane around his narrow shoulders, and on to the floor. Will you get me some- not?" he questioned.

wicked child," half sobbed his mother, kill yourself. Lie down then, and, persist, the consequences be on your-

She lit a candle, and satisfied at last to see symptoms of yielding, the boy crept back to bed. Leaving the usual, dim-burning night lamp, Mrs. Griscomb went down stairs. The warm room was filled with solemn shadows that swayed slowly back and forth on the walls, as the wind from the partially opened windows gently vibrated the flame. The sick lad sank back exhausted, watching wearily for his mother's return, when, without warning, the door opposite to that by which Mrs. Griscomb had departed, noiselessly opened, and the pale face of Rachel appeared in the aperture. A black shawl was thrown carelessly over her night-dress, her long hair straying over it in rich masses that gave her a wierd, unearthly appearance.

"Hillo!" cried William Henry, starting up, regardless of pains and sickness, "what's the matter, little woman?"

"Nothing much," she said calmly, "where's your mother?"

"Down stairs preparing a luxurious repast of unbuttered bread for her dutiful son. Bare feet, as I live. You're a pretty one, aren't you? What do you mean by going about in such slight drapery as that at this time of year? There are my old slippers at the foot of the bed;—put them on directly."

"Will she be up soon?" asked Rachel, uneasily.

"Yes," he said, a ghastly smile breaking over his thin features. "You *did* frighten me into fits, didn't you? That ought to be a warning to you. How am I looking? Handsome as ever, eh?"

"Oh, don't speak so," she said, faintly sinking into a chair.

"How you frightened me," he continued. "If it had not been for that black shawl, I should have taken you for a ghost, and as it was, I almost thought it was a strong-minded one that had struck out a new style of attire. Poor things, I wonder if they ever long after the fashions? Ah, here is my lady mother with all the delicacies of the season,—won't you stay to supper?"

Mrs. Griscomb nearly upset the small tray she carried, at the unexpected sight of a third party.

"Rachel! Miss Olio!"

Rachel arose. "Can I see you in my room for a little while?"

"Is anything the matter? Yes, certainly."

"One of the pupils is ill," she said, quietly.

Mrs. Griscomb hastily placed the tray before her son, bade him eat sparingly, and wrapping a cloak around her fine form, accompanied Rachel from the apartment.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Zillah O'Brian."

"Zillah!"

"She has been walking in her sleep, and has said so many strange things, that—that—in short I felt it my duty to call you."

"What, that child! walking in her sleep? How very singular."

"I am afraid," said Rachel, "that she is something more than a mere somnambulist. She frightens me, positively, for this is not the first time. I was lying asleep in my bed about an hour ago, when one of the girls gave a loud shriek. I started up, wide awake, and there, in the middle of the room, where the white moonlight from the windows fell full upon her, stood Zillah in her night clothes, flourishing her arms around her head like a person unsettled in mind. I rose, struck a light, and tried to soothe her, but it was of no use. Oh, it is dreadful!"

"Dreadful, indeed, what can we do—I hardly know what is best. If she is really ill a physician should be called. Stop a moment. This is the door of the servant's room—I will just wake up Hannah, and tell her to go for Mr. Godwin. He does not live far, and—it can do no harm—Hannah will not mind it."

"Ay," thought Rachel, as she stood waiting in the passage way, "it is always Mr. Godwin."

"It is all right, Hannah is going," Mrs. Griscomb said, as she rejoined Rachel; "poor little thing, how sorry he will be."

They reached the door of the chamber and entered quietly. It presented a confused appearance. Rachel's three room-mates were up and partially attired. Zillah herself was lying on Rachel's bed apparently asleep, but she started violently up as the two women entered, clearing clingingly to Rachel, but avoiding Mrs. Griscomb with every evidence of pain and repugnance. Her blue eyes were closed, as before, her features rigid as stone, and her little hands locked in a marble embrace on her bosom. Frequent sighs that were very pitiful to hear burst from her lips, but other than this she made no sound.

"She has been talking of the robbers again," whispered Lily Barton shudderingly to Rachel, who paled very slightly.

"What is that?" demanded Mrs. Griscomb, quickly.

"I do not know whether it is foolish to repeat it or not, but when I left her to come to you, she was talking very wildly about robbers attacking the Lodge to-night."

"Good heavens! robbers—to-night!" cried Mrs. Griscomb, dropping with almost ludicrous dismay into a chair, "what shall we do? A housefull of women—not a man among us."

"You do not really put faith in the prophecy?" inquired Rachel, half-smiling."

"I hardly know. It is very strange. I have heard of people in the same state in which this child appears to be, being gifted with second-sight. It may be—oh, what shall we do?"

She was interrupted by Zillah, who, in her little silvery voice, began singing broken snatches of sacred song, mingling one hymn into another; breaking off suddenly, and commencing again with a sort of wild, nervous hesitation. At last her breathing became more regular, her sighs ceased, and in a moment the tightly compressed lids opened, and she looked around the room in bewilderment.

She was lying in Rachel's arms.

"I am very cold," she said, softly glancing upward in her face, with the broad, gentle smile so peculiar to her. She looked very haggard and could hardly summon strength to whisper "thank you," as Rachel placed her in the bed again, and covered her with the blankets.

"Am I sick?" she asked, with the same ever-ready smile.

"I hope not, my darling. Why do you ask?"

"I feel so strange. I did not say my prayers, did I?"

"No; would you like to now?" asked Rachel, gently.

"Yes."

The child pushed away the bed clothing, and, falling on her knees, clasped her hands, and simply but earnestly said:

"Please God to bless all the world, and Zillah. Amen!"

It was touching to see that little creature uttering her innocent prayer, regardless of her half-frightened audience.

"Am I to sleep here?" she asked.

"Yes, always—as long as you stay with us," replied Rachel, stooping to kiss her forehead.

"How good you are. That will be nice."

And even as they looked at her, she slumbered peacefully.

"What an odd child!" remarked Mrs. Griscomb, drawing a long breath. "I never saw any like her. When she raises her eyes and smiles in that queer way, I tremble with some sort of nameless fear, which I can neither understand nor describe. She is not long for this world."

"Why is it," asked Rachel, "that when children have greater gifts than most others, or are in any way more remarkable than the generality, that early death is always prophecied for them?"

She was looking half mournfully at Zillah's calm face, serene in its perfect repose. Over it strayed tangled golden curls, as sunny as the sweet sleepy radiance flitting over the half-parted lips. A slight flush, "like roses crushed on ivory," was on her cheeks, and her little breast heaved with regular but ominously deep respirations.

"I am afraid she will be ill to-morrow," said Rachel, "and now let us to bed again, Lily, Sara, one and all."

Mrs. Griscomb took the hint, and left the room—not, however, without a private signal to Rachel to follow.

"I am really afraid," she said, shrinkingly; "is there anything to be done?" It was, indeed, wonderful how, in her hour of need, this strong, self-reliant woman turned naturally, as it were, to this young girl for aid.

"I do not know. You are really putting faith in this singular prophecy?"

"Yes; I cannot help it. It fastens itself irresistibly upon me. If Mr. Godwin were only here!"

"If you think best, I will watch until he comes," said Rachel. "You sent for him?"

"Yes, but neither Hannah nor he is yet returned. I am almost ashamed to accept your offer, but—but—"

She trembled so from excessive nervousness, that she could scarcely continue.

"I am not afraid," said Rachel, in her quietest, calmest tone. "If anything should happen, or Mr. Godwin come, I will call you. You had better return to your room, and do not, I beg of you, disturb yourself."

Evidently relieved, and yet half ashamed of her fears, Mrs. Griscomb yielded. Rachel stood for a moment looking at the lurid path left by her principal's lamp in the deep shadows of the passage-way, then slowly descended to the dining-room; arrived there, the courageous girl extinguished her candle, and in darkness and silence began her dreary night watch. She was no disciple of Spiritualism. Her soul revolted at the creed, although she believed in the possible existence of communication between earth and heaven. To span the space between time and eternity by a bridge of tables, seemed to her impiety. In spite of herself, however, she found that she was placing credence in little Zillah O'Brian's prophecy; she did so against her reason, almost against her will, and could scarcely have doubted it if she had so desired.

A long while she sat there listening intently. The seven senses seemed mingled into one, so acute grew the power of hearing. Not a sound broke the quiet of the country air, save the chirp of insects and the dull surging of an awakening breeze. Softly turning the window-blind she looked out. The moon was going down, broad and red, behind the distant trees, investing the surrounding landscape with a sort of subdued splendor. No sunshine was ever like that red, misty moonlight, fading softly into the dark night-glooms. Over the hill-tops still lingered the delicate, mellow glow; as it disappeared, reluctantly, regretfully. Rachel's eyes fell again to the confines of the Lodge gardens. She started violently, as she saw the gate open cautiously, and some one, in the universal obscurity undistinguishable as to form or feature, advance noiselessly up the path.

Nearer, nearer that moving mass stole towards the house, and with such extreme stealth, that Rachel concluded it could not be either Mr. Godwin or old Hannah; yet as in a moment more she saw *two* figures where she had imagined there was but a single person, and recognized the full garments of one as those of a woman, she flung from her as ridiculous all further idea of intruders, and groped her way to the hall in order to unlock the door.

But lo! after the little time had elapsed in which with difficulty she felt her way from the room, she saw that already the front-door stood partially open. On the threshold were this mysterious couple, their low, inaudible converse just breaking the heavy silence and no more. Silently, like a very shadow, Rachel withdrew again to the shelter of the darkened dining room.

"I am afraid. Let us go back," she heard some one whisper in female tones that sounded strikingly familiar. A man's subdued, sonorous voice roughly bade the first speaker "Be quiet, and not be a fool," and immediately afterward Rachel felt the two brush past her in entering the apartment.

With a thrill of horror she heard the striking of a match, in another instant a broad but fitful blaze filled the room. Like lightning the girl turned, impetuously grasped the door, and before she herself had realized the act, had locked and bolted it upon its inmates.

She was standing in the hall, trembling with fear and nervous excitement, and listening to the sounds of sudden consternation within, when at the doorway appeared Mr. Godwin and old Hannah.

"What is this?" she heard him say in a tone of great surprise; "the door wide open at this time of night?"

He started as he recognized Rachel, who stepped forward to meet him.

"The house has been entered by thieves," she said briefly, with one great effort attaining a self-possession that at all times would have been unnatural in so young a girl, and was particularly so now.

"Thieves! are you sure—is any one injured? are you hurt?" he exclaimed, involuntarily taking her hand.

"No, no one is injured," she answered coldly, withdrawing it; "and nothing as yet has been stolen. They, the man and woman, are now locked in this room—they may escape if something is not done immediately."

Her vehemently toned words did not seem to inspire him to action. He looked at her curiously.

"You are a strange girl. In all you do you are original. Is that the key? give it to me."

She handed it to him at once.

"They cannot escape from the windows," she said, as he seemed to hesitate what to do first. "Being very high from the ground and dangerous for children, they have iron bars across them. So you see they are pretty well caged."

Mr. Godwin stooped and attempted to fit the key to the lock.

"Stop," said Rachel, "first let me send Hannah for help. You ought not to risk encounter alone with such lawless people.

"Since when have you taken my weal or woe into your consideration?" he asked, bitterly.

He took his hands from the door while uttering the words, and Rachel instantly but quietly glided between him and it.

"Stand aside," he said, almost roughly.

"I shall not, until forced to do so," was the reply that met him fearlessly.

Hannah, meanwhile, at the first mention of help, had started off to arouse a neighbor or two, and face to face they now stood, with no word passing between them; and thus they remained until Hannah returned with the expected reinforcement.

Rachel then gave up her position and went up stairs; but not before, as the dining-room was at last opened, she caught a hasty glimpse of the boldly beautiful features of the woman, Nance Hill, who, meeting her eyes, turned away, ashamed to face the recognition under such circumstances of one who had befriended her in the time of need. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

YOUNG LOVE.

Maiden! since we met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past;
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a mystery lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known. —*Hemans.*

Theodora was alone at Mount Storm; alone with her beautiful and glorious dreams. A new inspiration animated her genius, and a new feature appeared in her pictures. Now she scarcely needed Vivia's life-giving touch to make her figures speak. There was the new glow of vitality through all her works, for now life and life-giving power was breathed into her own spirit—breathed through those who loved her into life. Vivia and Austin loved her and found pleasure in her pictures; and now to realize the heavenly visions of her soul for those two alone was happiness enough.

One creation began to dawn upon her canvas—at once an ideal picture and a true portrait—a work that in its progress absorbed her whole soul, yet one that she would have instinctively covered on hearing a footstep in the sanctuary of her attic studio.

One morning she stood before her easel contemplating, studying, and touching this picture here and there as inspiration guided. She was wholly wrapped in her work—every faculty of mind and body—seeing, hearing, feeling, thought—was held in abeyance or was concentrated upon her picture. She heard no footstep, no door open, saw no human form, perceived no presence near until a rude hand seized her picture from its stand, and a rude voice laughed aloud, exclaiming,

"I do declare, Theodora, if you haven't painted Austin Malmaison's portrait!"—and Helen Wildman, the rudest and nearly the last person in the world whom she could have wished to see in her sanctuary, stood laughing immoderately at the consternation she had caused.

"Please to put it down, Helen! Oh! dear, please do put it down," pleaded Theodora.

And when Miss Wildman perceived that she was not only surprising but really distressing the girl, she replaced the picture and gazed at her soberly, seriously, searchingly, and from her to the portrait, and back and forth several times, until Theodora's pale face grew crimson under the infliction. But whatever was passing in Helen's mind upon the subjects of her scrutiny remained for the present her own secret, she only said,

"I was looking from your work to your face, Theodora, to see if I could find out where the secret of your skill lies, but I cannot find it; there is nothing in your little face to promise anything of the sort. I wonder why I can't make pictures, too. Why can't I do you think?"

"I suppose it is because you don't love to make them as I do," answered the young artist.

Helen had thrown down her beaver hat, and dropped herself into a chair near the fire place, where a little cheerful wood fire was burning.

Theodora reversed the picture on her easel, and drew a chair near that of Helen, to keep her company while she should remain.

I cannot take upon me to state the relative proportions in the mixed motives of *ennui*, caprice, and benevolence that sent Miss Wildman to see the lonely little recluse; but I know that she credited herself with benevolence *alone*—and that before she left, *another*, and by far the most powerful motive, was added to her incentives to cultivate the acquaintance of the girl-artist. "I thought you would be lonesome here by yourself, Theodora, and so I just ran over to see how you were getting along. I do think it was shocking in your uncle and aunt to leave you in the house with no one but the negroes for company."

"But they are trustworthy servants, Helen, and I am very well satisfied."

"Well! but you must not mope. You must come over to Red Ridge and see me often, won't you?"

"Thank you. Maybe. I cannot promise."

"Oh! but you *will* promise! Come *once!* just *once;* I will come and fetch you," pleaded Helen.

In those days and in that neighborhood animal magnetism had never been heard of.

Now Helen Wildman unconsciously possessed and exercised a very high degree of magnetic power. Helen knew of course that she had a very strong will of her own and that it generally had its way; yet, in her ignorance of magnetism, or rather of the *same* of magnetism, she often wondered why it was that people yielded to her so readily. And poor little Theodora, on her part, had an extremely delicate, susceptible, impressible nature, and *she* too, in *her* ignorance of magnetism, wondered how now she yielded to Helen against her own better judgment. Helen turned the conversation to the party at which they had last met, and then by easy gradations to Austin Malmaison, and the days he had spent at Mount Storm, and the walks and talks he had had with Theodora. And the young recluse, though with most persons and upon nearly all occasions, singularly shy and reserved, now found herself, against her better reason, yielding up at Helen's demand, all the external facts of her late life's history; how Austin had taken an interest in her pictures, how he coaxed her out and guided her trembling feet up to the mountain heights to the grand views she had never seen before; and how she was to paint a picture for him, and to receive soon a roll of fine engravings.

At the end of an hour Helen concluded her visit. When she reached home that evening she said to her brother—

"Blaise! if you care anything about that little caprice of yours, you had better look after her! Austin Malmaison has taken a fancy to her, just as sure as I stand here telling you of it!"

"I don't believe it! she is such a mere child! the little, little creature!"

"So she is, yet you fell in love with her."

"Golly! so I did, Nell! I never thought of that! But she don't care for Austin! Don't now, Nell! don't say she does! she's too little, you know! such a tiny, tiny girl."

"No, she don't care for him *yet;* except as a sort of second Vivia. She loves Vivia and Austin as though they were her brother and sister; but though her love for Vivia can never change, her affection for Austin *may*. Now listen to me, Blaise! make hay while the sun shines; the present is your very best opportunity. That dainty young gentleman is necessarily out of the way; the coast is clear, the girl's heart is free, her hand is disengaged, and—I should love her for a sister-in-law, and I will help you, to the best of my ability, to obtain her."

"But she is so young yet—*the little, little creature,*" said Blaise, dwelling fondly on these last words; "and if I should court her in earnest now, it might frighten her and set her against me, so that I might never get her."

"Oh! Heaven mind your wits! you need not frighten her; but you can begin to be very good to her, can you not? and I will be with you to play propriety—"

—"You play propriety!"

—"And to keep you in countenance. And when Mrs. Throgmorton comes home, she will begin to have an idea! And she will be on your side. And you will continue to go there. And so your marriage with Theodora will gradually grow to be considered a settled thing, and Theodora will no more find strength of mind to object to it, than she would to oppose the sun coming up, or any other fore-ordained event in nature. And so you'll get her in proper time."

Blaise mused awhile and then said,

"I don't think she fancied me first-rate at the party. But then she might fancy me better on a longer acquaintance. Anyhow, if she don't like me at first, if I only get her, I shall be so good to her, I shall be such a slave to her that she can't help liking me, though I mayn't be so rich, or so good-looking, and soft-spoken, and book-learned as *some*. And I know myself, if I was the richest, and the learnedest, and the best-looking man in the state, I couldn't love Theodora any better than I do—and if I had the pick of the whole country, I couldn't look away from her little, little face!"

"There! *I* am not Theodora! Only do as I say, and you'll get her; and afterwards, Blaise, if you don't make her happy as the day is long, I myself, *I*—seeing she has no one else to take her part—will call you to account for it; I dreamt once of killing a man in a duel!"

"I! *I* ever neglect or ill-treat *her*, seeing I may be so near Heaven as to get her? Why, look here, Nell! I'd cut my tongue out and bait fish-hooks with it, before it should speak one word that wasn't loving to that little, shrinking creature."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Helen, who felt that she had rather a difficult account to settle with her own conscience for these machinations.

Diana of the Woods, as she was, Helen had let her wild heart escape her own custody, and fall captive to the handsome heir of Mount Storm, and consequently had quite a personal interest in the success of Basil's suit to Theodora.

Helen was full as good as her word, and quite surprised at her own success. She visited Theodora frequently, caressed her fondly, and made herself in some sort necessary to the loving, clinging nature of the solitary child. She drew her sometimes out to spend a day and night at Red Ridge; and when the season deepened into winter, and the hunting season commenced, she used all the influence she possessed to persuade Theodora to join herself and Blaise and Wakefield in their hunting expeditions. Helen had an additional motive for enticing her little friend to make one in these parties; it was this: Helen, at her present age of young womanhood, began to feel conscious of a certain indelicacy in being the only female in a party of hunters, even though one of that party was her own elder brother. This feeling was not strong enough to conquer her passion for wild sports; but it was quite enough to make her very much in earnest in trying to persuade Theodora to become her companion in them. And in this attempt Helen was more successful than she had dared to hope. For apart from the magnetic power of the beautiful and self-willed gipsy over the gentle, susceptible nature of the lonely child, there was a picturesque and romantic aspect about the wild life of the brave, adventurous girl, that possessed a strong attraction for the young enthusiast. The artist-mind of Theodora very highly appreciated the handsome and spirited Helen. She sketched her twice, first as the goddess Diana, and next as Dis Vernon; and the latter she transferred to her canvas to finish in her best style of art. There was no one to oppose Helen's influence over Theodora; she had the whole field to herself, and took possession, of course. Sometimes Theodora felt that neither Vivia nor Austin would approve of her joining the unfeminine sports of Helen Wildman; but this was a dim, distant, almost unreal instinct; while the opposing influence of Helen was very strong, near and real. When Helen had one of these hunting parties in view, she usually came over in the afternoon to Mount Storm, and coaxed Theodora to return with her to Red Ridge, and from that place enticed her off early the next morning, if they were going after rabbits or birds, or at night if the coon were the object of pursuit. The party usually consisted of Helen, Basil, Theodora, Wakefield, one of the negro men, and a couple or two of pointers and setters.

Theodora was only half willing and half afraid when making one in these expeditions, and was ever striving to conquer the girlish tenderness of her heart, as if to be sensitive and full of compassion were something to be ashamed of and to be overcome. It was a curious point to observe that both Basil and Wakefield treated Helen with an off-hand indifference, as though she had been a third boy, which indeed they seemed to consider her, while they addressed themselves to serve and assist Theodora as though she were the only girl of the party, in some strange, involuntary way cast among them. And this went on until Helen suddenly woke to the knowledge that, with all her beauty, she was not now receiving, and that she never had received, her "dues" of service and respect from the boys.—This first roused Helen's wrath, and then set her to searching for the cause, which she was not long in finding. It was not in Helen's nature to permit this neglect to continue, so she became as troublesome and as exacting as she could possibly be. Basil's jealousy awoke about the same time. It gave him the greatest uneasiness when Wakefield anticipated him in helping Theodora over a fence or up a steep. And in rejoining the little girl, in passing Wakefield, he would whisper gruffly,

"Go help Helen, can't you!"

And Wake would look at him in a sort of amazement, and go and do as he was bid—which, by-the-way, would not prevent him from flying to the assistance of Theodora at the very next opportunity. And this continued until Basil could endure it no longer, and was forced to take an occasion to say to his companion,

"Wakefield, we have been friends a good many years. Now I want you to do me a favor. Just you attend to yourself, or to Nelly, or to anything else you like, only leave little Daughter to me."

Wakefield looked searchingly in the rugged, irregular face of his friend a moment, and then with the involuntary exclamation of "It isn't possible!" gave the required pledge.

And thenceforth in all their expeditions, Wakefield became the beau-cavalier of Helen, and Basil devoted himself to Theodora. Considerate, tender, and delicate as his rough, untutored nature permitted him to be, was Basil in his attentions to the young girl. He called her "Daughter." And Theodora grew to like him in the character of a sort of rugged young bear of a father or elder brother; just upon the same principles that she looked upon old Pharaoh as an antediluvian "uncle." She certainly never remotely dreamed of Blaise as a lover, such an idea would have frightened her forever from the party. Blaise, though very obtuse in most respects, had in some blundering manner stumbled upon the knowledge of this truth, and therefore he continued to call her "Daughter," and was careful to keep up the fiction of his assumed paternal relation to hide the fact of his real position in regard to her. Thus passed the autumn and the first weeks of winter.

It was drawing near Christmas, when one day Theodora, sitting sewing at her garret window, saw Blaise Wildman driving a carriage up the winding road that led to Mount Storm. She saw that there was a deal box in the cart, but felt too little interest to wonder about it. The cart, as it approached the house, wound up out of her line of vision, and passed also out of her thoughts, until there was a rap at the door, and old Pharaoh put his head in and said,

"Miss Theodora, chile, here's Marse Basil Wileman come long o' some box for you, out'n Eyrie."

In much perplexity and doubt Theodora hurried down stairs, where she found Basil standing in the hall giving directions to two negro men who were bringing in a packing box.

"How dy'do, little daughter? I was at Eyrie this morning, and happened to see at the commission store this big box that had come down from the city for you. So I just gave the fellow an acknowledgment for it, and got it put upon my cart and brought it over. Where did it come from? who sent it? what's in it, daughter?"

"Indeed I don't know anything at all about it, and I can't think!" said Theodora, stooping down to read her name and address in full upon the top.

"There is no mistake, you see!" said Blaise.

"No. Austin promised to send me a roll of engravings; but I expected *them* through the post-office in the same way that I get the drawing paper that Vivia sends. Open the box, Mr. Blaise, and see what is in it."

"That's easier said than done, daughter; but we'll try. Here! you fellows get me a strong chisel, and a big hammer and a hatchet."

When the tools were brought and the box opened and unpacked, it was found to contain, first a packet of very fine engravings, then a packet of books treating upon the art of painting, a parcel of drawing paper, leaf ivory, and prepared canvas, a large mahogany box of the best oil colors, a box of the finest water colors, several sheaves of paint brushes and pencils—and, lastly, a fine black walnut silver mounted easel, in three parts, that could be easily set up or taken down, and packed if necessary in a very small compass. Theodora was so undemonstrative that no one could have guessed her intense delight and wonder at the possession of these treasures. They seemed to her a fortune, whose value was not to be computed or realized, the reception of which must form an era in her life and color all her destiny. While with beating heart and beaming eyes she contemplated her wondrous wealth, *Blaise* was contemplating *her*, and wishing that he himself had had the money and the knowledge and the forethought to have procured her this happiness—and he could not help exclaiming jealously,

"The doctor is wonderful good all of a sudden!"

"The doctor! dear me, it was not the doctor, but Mr. Malmaison that sent them!"

"Mr.—" Blaise repressed the malediction that arose to his lips. This was worse than before.

Theodora began to fill her arms with as many of her treasures as she could carry to remove them up stairs. And Blaise conquered his ill-humor, and helped her to carry them to her attic. And then helped her to set up her easel, and arrange her other articles, and he promised to make oaken frames for her pictures, and hang them for her, and then reluctantly took his leave.

That night Theodora could not close her eyes for joy. And the next day she was up with the first dawn of morning to review her riches. But in the course of the following afternoon Helen came over, and used all her arts of persuasion to take Theodora off to Red Ridge for the evening.

Upon the first of January the doctor and his family returned, unexpectedly, accompanied by Mrs. Malmaison and Vivia, but not by Austin, who remained behind at College. Mrs. Malmaison had run up only for a week's sojourn to give directions about the interior adornment of her mansion, that was now nearly completed. The meeting between Vivia and Theodora was full of emotion, especially on the part of the latter, as if they had been separated for years.

Vivia also had her private mission down in the valley—this was as Austin's substitute, to pay the workmen the balance due for finishing and furnishing the little school-room, and to see the young teacher duly inaugurated. Vivia took Theodora with her whenever she went to superintend this business, which with equal promptitude and skill she soon completed. Every day also she contrived to spend some hours at the Convent, to cheer and enliven the sad heart of the Abbess.

Vivia had not been many days in the valley, before she learned, with surprise and pain, the growing intimacy between her little Dora and the young Wildmans; and she was still more shocked and grieved to find that Theodora had been drawn in to join their reckless sports. True, Vivia reflected that the lonely and isolated girl, with her dependent and clinging nature, must inevitably have been attracted by Helen's *insouciant*, courageous individuality, and so she wondered less than she grieved. But she expostulated with Theodora—

"I do not ask you, love, to break with Helen; for that would scarcely be just; but join no more of their huntings. You have not been accustomed to such things; you are not like Helen, who has all her life been the companion of her brother's amusements of every kind. But your nature is too delicate for such rude associations, and your little frame too fragile for such violent and dangerous sports," she would say, as she tenderly, protectingly embraced her little protege.

And Theodora resolved that she would follow Vivia's counsel. Alas! for good resolutions.

At the end of the week, Vivia having seen young Wakefield Brunton fairly established at the head of his little school of fifteen pupils, and having bidden adieu to the Abbess, and bestowed her parting kiss upon Theodora, departed with Mrs. Malmaison for the city.

As soon as the field was clear, the temptress reappeared. Helen found great difficulty in re-establishing her power over Theodora,—it took time and perseverance; but she succeeded at last. She coaxed her over to Red Ridge, to spend a few days. Mrs. Throgmorton favored the visit, and Theodora went. During her stay a snow-storm arose, and still farther protracted her visit.

It was the second day after the storm, when the ground was all covered with snow, that being Saturday and a holiday, Wakefield Brunton came to Red Ridge, to invite Blaise Wildman to go upon the mountain and shoot partridges. Blaise readily consented, and Helen volunteered to be of the party, and set herself to coax and worry Theodora into joining her. It was in vain that Theodora endeavored to plead off. Helen would hear of no refusal. Theodora alone, with no one to sustain her, had little inherent power of resistance, and she reluctantly consented to make one of the party.

It was still quite early in the morning when they set forth. It was very cold and the narrow way frozen hard, and the surface was so slippery, that it was difficult for them to walk on the level ground, and very dangerous on the mountain side.

The young men trod firmly and safely. And Helen stepped with a free, elastic, sure foot. But Theodora moved tremblingly, with fearful uncertainty—often slipping, sometimes falling, and always pale and trembling, yet ashamed to betray her timidity and awkwardness beside the courage, grace and agility of the spirited Helen. Basil helped Theodora as much as possible, carefully supporting and guiding her footsteps, until they began to ascend the mountain by the narrow path that obliged them to walk in single file.

It was upon the summit of the ridge that the sport began, and continued with great success for two hours or more. Necessarily the party was frequently separated, and scattered over the ridge. In the excitement of the sport, Theodora, who was only a spectator, was often forgotten by every one but Blaise, who never went far from her side.

But at last towards the end of the morning's amusement, Helen, with her powder-flask and shot-pouch empty, and her game-bag full, returned to the side of her friend, where Blaise, with his two dogs, his gun and his spoils, already stood waiting. Wakefield, the old negro and their pointers, had not yet made their appearance; but Blaise said—

"We will not wait for them to come, Helen. Just as likely as not they have started a hare, that has led them miles away from this. And Daughter is so pale with fatigue and cold and fright and what not, that she looks ready to die; so we will take her home directly."

They immediately began to descend the mountain side, and Blaise assisted Theodora with the utmost tenderness and care, until they had gone a few yards in the descent, when suddenly a flock of partridges sprang up almost in their path, and flew on before them. Blaise forgot everything else in his sportsman's instinct, and raising his gun, shot into the flock, bringing down several birds, that fell at various distances—then he ran, springing from point to point down the precipice, after the dogs that had dashed on before. He was soon out of sight, though not quite out of hearing, as he shouted—

"Come on, girls!"

Helen took him at his word, and crying—"Come on, Theodora!" lightly dropped from crag to crag by the aid of the cedar bushes, and then sped down the mountain-path. Theodora attempted to follow, going timidly, cautiously, holding by the saplings to steady herself, but almost afraid to let go, and drop as Helen did, lest she should not be able to stop. So she went on in fear and trembling for a few yards, giddy when she dared to look at the precipice below her feet, until at last, in going down a very steep and slippery place, her feet suddenly flew from under her, her frail clasp upon a dry sapling was jerked away, and she was precipitated to the rocks below. One wild, terrific scream, uttered in falling, had reached the ear of Blaise, and almost palsied the heart in his bosom, for he had at once divined its cause.

Instantly by a great effort recovering his panic, he rushed back upon the mountain-path, looking right and left, and soon came upon the form of Theodora stretched upon the rocks, blood-stained, pale, insensible, perhaps dead! With a terrible cry, he threw himself down beside her, and raised her form in his arms. His frantic cries had reached Helen, who now came running to the spot, where she found Blaise supporting the head of Theodora, and beside himself with terror and despair, crying—

"Oh! Nell! Nell! she's dead! she's dead!—Dora! Theo! Daughter! Little Daughter! Oh! darling! breathe again! open your sweet eyes! Ah! Nell! Nell! we've murdered her, and I shall go hang myself!" and more frantic words like these.

"I don't believe it! she has not fallen twenty feet; she's only stunned, she'll come to presently," said Helen, kneeling beside the insensible form, slipping her from Basil's arms upon her own lap, and bidding her brother run for some water from the nearest spring, while she loosened her clothes. Blaise hastened to do as he was bid, bringing the water in his cap, and then kneeling down and bathing the face of the fainting girl. But Theodora showed no signs of recovery. "Where is your pen-knife, Blaise?" inquired Helen, stripping up the arm of the victim, and binding it tightly with her handkerchief, until the veins in the hollow of her elbow knotted up like blue cords—"Where is your pen-knife, Blaise?" Either Blaise did not know what she was doing, or did not see the point of her question, for he paid no attention to her, continuing to bathe the face of Theodora, even while Helen quietly rifled his pockets, possessed herself of the pen knife, unclasped and tried its sharpest blade, and then with a firm, resolute hand, proceeded to open the vein of Theodora's arm. The blood began to flow, the injured girl opened her eyes, just as Blaise perceived what Helen was about.

"What a butcher!" he cried, indignantly.

"Hush! she is recovering," said Helen, proceeding to loosen the ligature about the arm, that the tide might ebb, while she bound up the wound.

"Recovering! oh! thank Heaven! Theodora! my little Dora? How are you, Daughter?"

Theodora languidly lifted her eye-lids, but with a look of sickness and suffering, as though she could not tolerate the light, she dropped them quickly.

"She has had a concussion of the brain! I know by the looks of her eyes that she has," said Helen.

"You—you've hurt her arm! that's it! You—you've no more tenderness than a—than a Mohawk! gashing at her tender vein with a pen-knife!" said Blaise, furiously.

"I've saved her life! and that's all the credit I get for it! However, I didn't expect any credit. See now if you can lift her gently in your arms, and bring her along toward home. Thank Heaven, the remainder of the descent is easy."

Basil lifted the light form of the suffering girl, and bore her tenderly in his strong arms down the mountain-path. She gave no further sign of consciousness, except when as her bruised and broken frame received an unavoidable jar by the roughness of the road, she would breath forth a low moan, that went like a sword through the bosom of her carrier. He took her at once to Red Ridge, where the frightened family took charge of her, while he sprang on his horse and galloped over to Mount Storm and brought the doctor and Mrs. Throgmorton.

They found Theodora very severely injured. Upon the bed, hastily prepared for her by Miss Elizabeth Wildman, she lay seemingly a mere shattered wreck. It was impossible to remove her to Mount Storm. She must remain where she lay. The doctor stayed with her all day and all night, using his utmost skill to save her fluctuating life.

But for two weeks Theodora's death was daily expected. And two months had elapsed, and April had come, before the poor girl could be placed on a feather-bed, laid in a cart upon springs, and removed to Mount Storm. Her aunt wished to put her in one of the bed-chambers on the same floor with herself, but Theodora begged to be conveyed to her dear old attic, where she could see her pictures around her on the walls, and see through the windows far over the mountain and valley scene. And the doctor also thought, that in her excessively nervous and excitable state, she would be better off in that remote quarter of the house, where she would certainly be free from noise and disturbance. So thither she was conveyed.

Through all Theodora's illness it was really distressing to see Blaise. Of all creatures he was the most afflicted. He scarcely ate, or slept or rested for one moment. With the most haggard expression of anxiety he hung upon the doctor's looks and words. And his own life forces seemed to ebb or flow as Theodora grew worse or better. After her removal to Mount Storm, he came over regularly every day, and often twice a day, to inquire after her, sometimes begging Mrs. Throgmorton, for "heaven's sake," to let him go up and see Theodora. And Mrs. Throgmorton granted his petition as often as she thought proper to do so. At first that lady ascribed Basil Wildman's deep distress about Theodora's illness to an excessive and morbid remorse, but after a little while she discovered the truth of his attachment to the young girl, and in a confidential chat with her daughter Rose, she said,

"It will not be such a bad match for Theodora, in case she recovers her health, poor thing, which, by the way, is very doubtful; however! if she ever does get upon her feet again, I will do all that I can to promote the marriage—after awhile, my dear! of course, I mean after awhile! Theodora is quite too young at present, but in a year's time I think it might do, for, you know, it would be very absurd in me to permit Theodora to throw away a good opportunity of settling herself for a mere scruple of youth."

By the last of April, Mrs. Malmaison's splendid new mansion at the Sunset Hills was completely finished and superbly furnished throughout. And upon the first of May, Mrs. Malmaison, accompanied by Vivia, and attended by all her servants, arrived there to spend the summer. Austin did not come with his mother. He was still at college, and was not expected home until the summer vacation should commence.

Upon the day after her arrival, Vivia hastened over to Mount Storm to see her suffering friend. She found her on the cot-bed in the attic. This was the third month since Theodora's accident, and she was not yet able to walk. Perhaps the first tear that Vivia ever shed, was dropped upon this pale and broken human flower before her.

"Don't weep, dear Vivia! I know what you are thinking of! the doctor has told you that I shall be a cripple for life. Well, dear, it will not make so much difference after all, for I never was strong enough to have much use of myself!"

"Oh! Theodora!"

"Besides, dear, it all came from my own feebleness of will! I never had the moral courage to say 'No,' Vivia! but now heaven has once and forever said 'No!' for me! Do not weep."

"I will not. I was wrong to weep. All is for the best, since Heaven permits it. You will get better, my dear Theodora. I know you will. You will soon be out of that bed. Nay! indeed you shall. And though a little lameness may cling to you for some time, yet that infirmity will not interfere with the very best cultivation of your beautiful gift of painting. Nay! on the contrary, it will favor it—it will wed you the closer to it! Come! cheer up! I mean to spend the greatest portion of my time with you," said Vivia, stooping and imprinting a kiss upon the pale forehead of her friend.

And from that morning Vivia daily visited Theodora, and spent several hours with her in cheerful conversation, reading, or in singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. And the delicate invalid began to recover hope and life and strength. When Theodora was able to sit for hours propped up in the bed, without fatigue, Vivia, as a new means of interesting and amusing her patient, began to give her lessons on the guitar. Theodora was an apt pupil, and the animating influence of her progress in this charming science contributed greatly to her rapid recovery. In a few weeks Theodora, supported in the arms of Vivia, was able to ride out daily. And by the first of June, leaning on the arm of Vivia, and assisted by a crutch, she was enabled to take short walks around the garden and the shrubberies. But notwithstanding her improvement, the opinion of the doctor was confirmed, that Theodora was to be a cripple for life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THICK SEAM OF COAL IN IOWA.

PELLA, IOWA, March 26, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post: If I do not begin this letter with a compliment to your valuable paper, it is not because I do not prize it enough for that, but simply because I do not want to copy other men's expressions.

In your No. 1807, of March 15, I find, however, under the *News Items* an item, which is contrary to the truth, and might be injurious to my interests, and as your subscriber, I hope you will make it right in a following number. It is this:

"The state of Iowa is said to contain 25,000 square miles, underlaid by the coal formation, and yet not a single seam in the whole of this vast deposit is known to exist over 3½ feet in thickness, or one which from its quantity and quality is likely to induce capitalists to embark any considerable sum in its development and working as a commercial operation."

Now the fact is, that about 6 miles South-West from Pella, right on the Des Moines River, lies a coal bank which has a seam of full 7 feet in thickness, about thirty or thirty-five above the river, of a very good coal, of which all the steamboat men who have been on the Des Moines River can give testimony; and boats or barges could be filled with coal in the easiest way possible, by a shoot of some forty or fifty feet long from the opening of the bank to the water.

This bank belongs to me and Mr. Wm. Welch, and we are willing to make contracts for that coal on advantageous terms to men who will engage in that business, or to manufacturers of *iron, glass, or salt*, who would like to come and begin such establishments there right at the coal bank, where there is already a steam saw-mill and a pottery.

Just opposite is a large deposit of very good sand, but materials for the manufacture of glass are plenty in this vicinity.

Extensive fields of iron ore are in the proximity. For a foundry this would be an excellent location.

By the 1st of May, it is reported that all the dams and locks on the Des Moines River will be put under contract, so that we may confidently expect to have very soon slack-water navigation on that river.

As these facts may interest a great many of your subscribers, I hope you will give this letter a place in your paper. Respectfully yours,

A. E. DUBOK BOCSQUET.

☞ An old writer thus describes a talkative female:—"I know a lady, who loves talking so incessantly, that she won't give an echo fair play. She has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words."

☞ PIN MONEY.—The receipts of a bowling-alley.

☞ A late French writer says, that the Bostonians are much like his own countrymen, polite, courteous, and lovers of frogs, and that they have a pond in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of supplying the city with these animals!

☞ The income of some of the New York lawyers is absolutely marvellous—the income of $20,000 is not unusual, and the sum of $50,000 is secured by many of the prominent men at the bar.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - - - - $3,00 a year.
8 " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
12 " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We have several interesting communications on hand relative to different parts of the West, which we shall insert soon if we can possibly find room for them. Of course we have to distribute our favors in this way, with as impartial a hand as possible.

W. S. P. Our experience leads us to differ widely from you. We almost *know* that the plan you recommend would not be productive of good results. Inconsistent as the present practice seems to you, it is deeply rooted in popular favor.

OURSELVES AND OUR OPPONENTS.

It is not often that an opponent affords us such ample opportunity of exposing his unworthiness, as has recently been afforded us by the contemporary to whom we alluded some weeks since. Our readers will remember our leading editorial article of March 15th, entitled "A Word in Season," and the perfect frankness with which we alluded to a recent decrease in our subscription list. As to what we *said*, no person could make a mistake—and yet, the very next number of our contemporary, declared that we "*admitted* a qualified loss of *thirty thousand subscribers.*"

Now our readers know that we admitted nothing of the kind.

In a later paper, our contemporary—inconsistent even with himself—proceeds to quote our language as follows:—

"As we have said, a large number of our Southern readers saw proper to disagree with us—and have manifested their displeasure by withdrawing from our list—the loss amounting to between *ten and eleven thousand names*, OR NOT VERY FAR FROM ONE-HALF OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS," &c.

Our language was, or "not very far from one-half of our subscribers *in the slaveholding states.*" By omitting the words "in the slaveholding states," he grossly misrepresents our language.

It is not often, we say, that an opponent enables us so completely and undeniably to expose the reckless and unscrupulous spirit which actuates him.

Every man will admit the fair inference, that he who will thus grossly pervert the very language of his opponent, will not scruple at anything else.

Our contemporary further intimates that his present course is dictated by motives of revenge—he conceiving himself to have been greatly injured by us a number of years ago. We have only to say, that for the course then taken by us in vindication of the just rights of the widow and orphans of a brother editor, we shall not now express the first word of regret. Those just rights were sustained not only by an almost unanimous public opinion, but by the Courts of Law. And our contemporary had to pay *legally*, if we are correctly informed, about twice as much as the widow would have been willing to accept at first amicably.

It is our opinion however—not that we care a great deal whether the fact is so or not—that our contemporary overrates the importance of our own efforts on that occasion. However pleasant the thought may be to us, we fear we do not deserve the laurels with which he seeks to adorn our brow. We think that public sentiment, and the Courts of Law, even without our aid, would have vindicated the cause of justice and right. Certainly we never knew a case in which all right thinking men were more generally agreed.

And as to the rapid falling-off of our contemporary's subscription list, we think he somewhat errs in supposing that it was owing to any efforts of ours. It has for a long time been our opinion that no man can write another down—every editor must write or act himself down. As the course taken by our contemporary relative to the heirs of his deceased partner, gradually became known—it was no wonder that its effects should be perceptible upon his subscription list. If we had never said a word upon the subject, the result probably would have been the same—unless all other presses, and all other lips, could have been silenced also.

Does our contemporary know that we heard men say at that time, that they should almost doubt the providence of God, if he or his paper, after an attempt like that, could flourish? We never said so—for we knew that the ways of the Eternal are not always as Man's ways—and besides we knew there is generally a place for repentance, if sought for earnestly with tears.

That our contemporary should have the shamelessness to refer at all to that affair—that he should go further, and term it the "Holden *persecution*"—and further still, seek to revenge himself upon us, because we supported the rights of the widow and the orphan—proves very clearly that he has not yet repented.

And now he does not disguise his hope that by fair means or foul he can destroy the Post—and "dance jubilee over our ruins." Well, we shall see. We shall see who the stars in their courses fight for, and who they fight against. We shall see whether the Post can be lied down—by any man, or any set of men. We shall see whether the great heart of the people of this country will not sustain a paper which dares to speak for what it *believes* the truth, even when that truth is not entirely popular. Our contemporary may be assured—and all others may be assured—that we shall not take back a line that we have written. We may be wrong, but we will not be craven. In our opinion, the Press has its stern and unpleasant duties, as well as its pleasures and its honors. If it be worthy of the name of a Free Press, it must occasionally suffer loss in its efforts to save the people from themselves. It has no right to sacrifice everything to the increase of its subscription list, and the mere making of money. It is not called to attempt the impossible—but it is called to defend that measure of Right which is possible in its day. And we have faith to believe, that—the excitement of the moment passed—a Press that thus understands and fulfills its mission, will flourish all the more greenly for the storm that has tried the hold of its roots, and the stubborness of its branches. We have faith to believe, that thus only can a really great Journal be built up, and made a Power for Good, and a Terror for Evil, through many generations.

WOMAN'S LIFE.—A woman's whole life is a history of the affections; her heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there avarice seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of love.

The above sentiment has circulated widely under the caption of "a gem of thought." We take occasion to nail it to the counter as false coin, understood as it generally would be. If it means that when a woman is disappointed in love, there is nothing left for her to live for, it is as untrue as it is mischievous—untrue, because a full and perfect life in God is always possible after the most utter wreck of the affections, and mischievous because the weakness and frailty of the natural heart are sufficiently importunate counsellors to despair without any such encouragement. Women doubtless know well enough that to love and be loved is the sweetest joy of life; what they need to be told is that, all this failing, there are treasures uncounted still in reserve. In whatever form death may come to the heart, by separation, estrangement, or a transit of the spirit to higher regions, all is not lost while the sufferer can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" If rich in every imaginable blessing, the only *security* for happiness would still be in loving God above all things. Every thinking person who lives a true life, daily realizes this as the most absolute of all truths. So whether we keep our treasures or lose them in this world, we may still hold fast the only source of happiness. It is as likely as not that Florence Nightingale had experienced that desolation of the heart which is set down as "hopeless." We know that if she had so suffered it would but stimulate a soul like hers to those great deeds of Christian love which have sounded her name through the world. And the Sisters of Charity, all the warmth and tenderness of whose nature, denied their natural channel, flow out enthusiastically in the service of God, what noble and beautiful, aye, and happy lives they sometimes lead.

MOISTURE ON THE INSIDE OF WALLS.—In houses built of stone, moisture often accumulates on the inside of the walls, or on the wall paper—and this is generally termed the "dampness striking through." The common use of this phrase, proves that people in general have a very confused idea of the cause of the dampness—and yet it is a confusion which a few moments' reflection will rectify. When of a cold morning the moisture accumulates on the inside of the window panes, no one talks about that being the "dampness striking through"—and yet the two cases are precisely similar. It is the *cold* in both cases that "strikes through"—and the glass or wall becoming colder than the atmosphere of the house, the moisture in the latter is naturally deposited upon it.

Of course then the amount of dampness will depend, other things being equal, upon the extent to which the stone of the wall is a good conductor. And therefore the harder and denser the stone, the damper the house. Brick being softer and more porous than stone, and therefore a worse conductor, makes a dryer wall. And in choosing stone, the preference should always be given to as soft an article, consistent with the necessary strength and firmness, as can be procured. If a hard stone has to be used, the inside walls should be invariably furred—inch thick strips being nailed against the walls, to which the laths should be nailed. In fact, so important are dry walls to the health and comfort of a household,—and so great the saving in avoiding the expense of frequent white-washings or paperings, to say nothing of Doctor's and Apothecary's bills—that no stone house should be put up without the walls being thus furred or stripped.

A GOOD JOKE.—One of the daily papers of this city was sadly fooled on the 1st instant. A correspondent wrote to it as follows:—

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Messrs. Editors:—Those who are disposed to indulge in the unmeaning and absurd custom of making "April Fools" should consult the Book of Ezra, 11th Chapter, 5th and 6th verses. They will there learn the origin of the habit; and the judgments denounced on those who practice deception for the sake of heaping ridicule and abuse on others, should deter our youth as well as those of riper years from joining in this silly and wicked sport. A PARENT.

The local editor thought this was taking matters much too seriously, and replied gravely as follows:—

We have received a communication upon this subject from a correspondent, which we publish as *tending to throw light upon an obscure subject.* We would suggest to "A Parent," however, that it is a little severe to stigmatize with the name of *wicked per se* what is at worst only foolish. A high authority has said that

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest (best of?) men,"

And if men must make fools of themselves occasionally we submit that it would be better to concentrate their folly as much as possible into a single day than to scatter it broad cast through the entire year.

Of course the joke of the matter is that a "Parent's Word to the Wise" is itself a hoax—there being only *ten* chapters in the Book of Ezra.

What is the world coming to—when mischievous wits can dare to play such tricks even upon editors! We consider this a case deserving to be stigmatized as "*wicked per se*," and not "only foolish."

QUERIES.—A "subscriber" wishes to obtain some information respecting fruit farms in Massachusetts or Connecticut. What such farms are worth per acre, near some city, or on some stream or road leading to a good market—and also what can be realized per acre under a high state of cultivation? We cannot refer "subscriber" to any one who has such farms for sale—doubtless such are advertised occasionally in the *New England Farmer*, and the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, both published in Boston.

MINNESOTA.—Messrs. M. & Co., of St. Pauls, wish us to call the attention of our readers who are looking Westward, to Minnesota, as a place where they will not be plagued by Fever and Ague, and which possesses at the same time all the attractions of new and fertile lands. Doubtless the claims of Minnesota are well worth considering by emigrants.

MISS PRESTON'S LECTURES.—We are pleased to learn that the recent lectures by this talented lady were attended by an overflowing audience. They are to be repeated—when only a limited number of tickets will be sold.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Peace and *the* baby have come together—the latter being "a broth of a boy," who has been duly christened King of Algeria! The calling of such a little specimen a king, is so provocative of sarcasm, that it reminds one of the old conundrum, Why is a certain African monarch a very humorous personage,—because he is Dey of *All-jeers*. Well, certainly we wish the little fellow and his mother, all manner of happiness—and trust the former may so behave when his school days are over, as not to realize the truth of the saying, "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown." For the particulars of the birth, baby-clothes, &c., we refer lady readers to our news department and our Paris letter. We thought of omitting that portion of the latter which treats about the baby linen, but several of our lady friends, to whom we happened to drop a hint of it, exclaimed against such a course as perfectly indefensible.

Louis Napoleon, in returning the congratulations of the legislative bodies, used the following sensible and significant language:—

"Monsieur le President du Senat.—The Senate shared my joy when it learnt that Heaven granted me a son, and you have hailed as a happy event the birth of an *Enfant de France.* I purposely make use of this expression. In fact, the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, who had applied to the new system created by the revolution all that was great and noble in the old *regime*, resumed that old denomination of '*Enfants de France.*' And, in truth, gentlemen, when an heir is born destined to perpetuate a national system, that child is not only the offspring of a family, but he is truly, also, the son of the whole country, and the name indicates his duties. If this were true under the old monarchy, which more exclusively represented the privileged classes, with how much more reason ought it not to be so to-day, when the Sovereign is *the elect of the nation, the first citizen of the country, and the representative of the interests of all.* I thank you for the good wishes you have expressed for this Child of France and for the Empress."

"Monsieur le President du Corps Legislatif:—The expression of your sentiments on the birth of the son which it has pleased Providence to grant me, has touched me nearly. You have welcomed him in the hope, which it is flattering to entertain, of perpetuating a system which is held to be the surest guarantee of the general interest of the country; but the unanimous acclamations which surround his cradle, *do not prevent me from reflecting upon the fate of those born in the same place and under similar circumstances.* If I hope that his fate may be a happier one, it is that, first of all, confiding in Providence, I cannot doubt of its protection, when I see it restore again by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, what it was pleased to overthrow forty years since, as if it wished to mature by martyrdom and misfortune, a new dynasty issuing from the ranks of the people. History has, moreover lessons which I shall not forget. It tells me, on the one hand, *that we should never abuse the favors of fortune; on the other, that a dynasty has only then a chance of stability when it occupies itself solely with the popular interests for which it was created.* This child, whose birth is consecrated by the peace under preparation, by the blessing of the Holy Father, brought by electricity in an hour after he saw the light of day, and finally by the acclamations of the French people whom the Emperor so much loved—this child, I say, will, I hope, be worthy of the destinies that await him. I thank you, gentlemen, for the well wishes you have expressed for him and for the Empress."

The particulars of the treaty of peace have not yet been promulgated. France and Russia, of the contending parties, were most anxious for a settlement—England and Sardinia rather holding back. The influence of Austria of course was all for peace.

A large number of pardons to military and other prisoners were granted by Louis Napoleon, on the birth of his son. Pardons to a number of political offenders, it is said, were also to be granted. The boys at school too, were made to consider the tidings good, by an extra holiday; which doubtless will cause them to hope that Eugenie will prove a second Victoria.

AN AMUSING BLUNDER.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman calls attention to an amusing blunder in a late version of the fable of the Donkey with the load of wool, and the Donkey with the load of salt. This version tells of the latter going into the water to lessen his load, and the former imitating his example,—the consequence being that the wool absorbed so much water as to sink him to the bottom. Now, as the correspondent in question says, while the donkey remained in the water the wool would seem lighter than on the land—wool floating in water. It would only be when mounting to the land again, that the donkey would learn the folly of a mere blind imitation of the example of others. Probably the fable, as originally written, is perfectly correct in its philosophy—and that the mistake is one of a recent date.

MOUNT VERNON NOT FOR SALE.—So writes Mr. John A. Washington. His letter is as follows:—

MOUNT VERNON, March 14, 1856.

To Mrs. Maria S. Wofford:

Madam—I have received your letter of March 6th, respecting the purchase of Mount Vernon by the ladies of different parts of the United States.

In reply, I respectfully inform you that Mount Vernon is not for sale.

I am, most respectfully, your ob't serv't,
JOHN A. WASHINGTON.

We supposed from the collections that were being taken up to purchase Mount Vernon, that an understanding with the proprietor had been come to. Certainly such should have been the case. Who is answerable in the affair?

☞ Have any of our old subscribers a copy of the *first* number of the Post in their possession? We should like to possess that number very much.

☞ Our city readers may get some ideas relative to market-houses, &c., in Paris, from our Paris letter this week.

He safely walks in darkest ways,
Whose youth is lighted from above,
Where, through the senses' silvery haze,
Dawns the veil'd moon of nuptial love.

Who is the happy husband? He
Who, scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks heaven, with a conscience free,
'Twas faithful to his future wife.

☞ The four babies who took the leading prizes in the Boston baby-show, have all since died—killed, doubtless, by precocity, foolishly stimulated by fond parents.

☞ DOG MEAT.—A Frenchman in Fairfield, Vermont, who owned a large fat dog butchered the same and sold a slice to one of his neighbors. The meat, though well cooked and seasoned, made the family quite sick. An attempt was made to make candles out of the fat but it would not work. The Frenchman has been arrested.

☞ Barnum had two suits of clothes and $25 in his pocket on Saturday.—*Boston Post.*

Perhaps it might prove a good plan,
For Barnum, so famous for shows,
To exhibit this wonderful pocket,
In which he had two suits of clothes.

A private cash sale of Erie and Reading stocks was made, a few days since, to Jacob Little, Esq., amounting to about $1,200,000. This is said to be the largest sale of stocks, to a single individual, ever made in this country.

New Publications.

THE WAR IN KANSAS. A Rough Trip to the Border among New Homes and a Strange People. By C. DOUGLAS FAIRHEAD, Author of "A Ride with Kit Carson," "Roughing it in the Buffalo Country," &c., &c. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

The materials for this book were collected and partly published as correspondence for the *New York Herald*, which fact sufficiently indicates the author's tendencies as to points in dispute in the territory. However he *means* to give an impartial account, and his good intentions and freedom from strong prejudices go *far* toward accomplishing that desirable result. Good and evil on each side are freely told, facts relating to the doings of both parties industriously sought out, nd faithfully recorded, so that Free State and Pro Slavery readers can equally find what they want, and draw their own widely differing inferences. It is as good an account of the state of affairs in Kansas, as could well be drawn by a free and easy man of the world, whose taste inclines towards Southern chivalry, and who would say "Fudge!" to many a principle for which more earnest men would lay down their lives. Considered merely as a caterer for the public amusement, his qualifications are of a superior kind—quick and keen observation and a style overflowing with life and vivacity.

Our first extract describes a Yankee settler's home. This sketch, of itself, proves the desire to be perfectly fair, manifested by the author all through the volume:—

Our welcome to the *exterior* of Lawrence at least, was of the coldest, for the snow clad prairie-slopes, the chill December blast, and the hoar frosted woods of the Wakarusa bottom, all said mercury at zero, if no worse. Under these depressing circumstances we halted, carpet-bag in hand, at the first "improvement," as they call a house in this country. It was a shanty of the "rough and ready" sort, a composite of logs and boards, and about the size of an ordinary cow-pen; but we were anxious to see the inside of a Yankee settler's hut, so making a drink of water an apology, we knocked, were invited in, and entered, and a delightful change it was from the uninviting landscape, which impressed one so chillingly without. Let us sketch a pleasant interior, rich in warm tints, and lit up by real heart sunshine, just such a cozy scene, in fact, as Dickens would have loved to people with his Perrybingles and Cratchits. A nice little woman with a bright-eyed baby upon her knee (we have a weakness for babies,) and a tiny flaxen-haired young lady of six years old, occupied a rude arm-chair and "home manufactured" stool, beside the old-fashioned New England cooking-stove. On the bed, which half filled the only apartment, that did duty at once as parlor, kitchen, and bed-chamber, sat a diminutive, but clever-looking man, who smiled pleasantly as we came in, and said, "Sit down," at the same time pointing to a chair, where, as we more than half suspected, he had, when we knocked, been sitting, a good deal closer to his better-half than he was when we entered the "improvement." We say we suspected, for her dark brown hair, which evidently *had been* most scrupulously arranged, was now disordered on the side next to *him*. Now, we don't mean to say that he had been sitting with an arm thrown round that taper waist, or that he had been kissing that almost too rosy cheek; no, it *might* have been the baby, but do you know, when we think of the temptation, we are not so sure that it *was* the baby after all.

We asked for a drink, and this little woman, a very "Dot" of a wife, laid her "Dot" of a baby very gently upon the bed, with a look of motherly tenderness as she did so, that reminded us of some truly poetic lines which speak of

"A woman's crown of glory,
The blessing of a child."

and then our New England "Dot" handed us a tin dipper full of clear, cold water—but such a dipper, "clean as hands could make it," as the old saw has it. But it wasn't the dipper alone, for if cleanliness be contagious, it must have been so here, for, though everything bespoke a new country, everything was neat—neat even to a fault; your eye almost longed for something out of place, just to break up the monotony. There were plenty of books, too, that is to say, plenty for a new settlement, books that were books, none of your gilt-edged, mean-nothing sentimentalities, but hard facts, and standard fiction, with here and there a volume which bore the name of one of those

"Bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo,
Through the corridors of time."

And better still, the man himself was reading. But we found him (alas!) full of fight, though we wouldn't have you think that we don't approve of fighting, for who doesn't know that desperate diseases require desperate remedies sometimes; but then it's a *bad* business at the best, and with such a wife and baby, even without counting in the flaxen haired little girl, a great deal *worse*. So we are candid enough to confess that we didn't like our diminutive Yankee's pugnacity. Yet upon this one subject he seemed perfectly rabid, for he had worked in the trenches—he had handled his Sharpe's rifle—he hated the Border Ruffians—he wouldn't be conservative—he was prepared to "do and die" in the cause of Free-Stateism and Kansas—in short, our friend was of that ultra type who would treat a political difficulty as an old school allopathist would prescribe for a fever, by *letting blood for it*. He was a "Down Easter" of course—asked plenty of questions—giving guarded replies to such queries as were put to him, until he discovered that we were from "York State," and then thawed out like a snow-bank in the sun.

And this was our first, and we may as well say, in some respects, pleasantest experience of Lawrence. For we must confess that we have not yet fallen in love with this politician, or perhaps we should rather say politics ridden town. Lawrence labors under one very serious difficulty, she needs *less talk* and *more work*. There is no cause, however good or just, which has not, since the beginning of time, been more or less afflicted, by *cant*, and Free State-ism does not appear to be exempt from this universal curse. As in Missouri we heard too much of "those rascally Abolitionists," and "those infernal nigger-stealing Free State men in Kansas," so in Lawrence we were equally annoyed by the everlasting reiteration of such remarks as, "those hounds, the Border Ruffians, who would kill children and insult our women, if they were not afraid of our rifles." Now, all this is wrong, radically wrong on both sides. Give us a little less, good people, of what that much-quoted, and very sensible authority, Mr. Weller, calls, "A passin of Resolusions, and a wotin' of Supplies, and all sorts of goings on," and a little more of that honest toil which puts the sweat on the working-man's brow, and the hard dollars in his purse, and we will venture to say that Lawrence will be none the worse politically, and considerably the better in a pecuniary point of view, for our suggestion. At present "the war" seems like charity, which "covereth a multitude of sins," for if you ask a man why he doesn't repair his uncomfortable house, he tells you he would but for the war; and the same reply will be tendered you, if a cow elope in search of better shelter than her owner's pen affords, or a pig break out of his dilapidated sty; it is ever "the war, the war," in all its moods and tenses. For know all men that the "war"—past, present and prospective—haunts Lawrence like a night-mare, until her worthy citizens are transformed into heroes of battles which might have been, while her orators season their discourses with "villainous saltpetre," and even the tailor grown familiar with "war's alarms," shoulders his yard stick, and tells his customers how fields may yet be won.

Here are a couple of good stories with a preamble:—

And since we have touched upon this subject, we will, even at the risk of adding yet another, "aside" to our already too numerous digressions from the Kansas highway, spin a yarn or two which we have picked up, we can scarce say how, during our sojourn in the Far West, and we shall do so the more confidently, as a lesson is to be gained from their perusal: for they go to prove two facts: Firstly, That even a "Border Ruffian" don't like to shoot when you have "got the draw upon him;" and Secondly, that there is a *moral* courage which acknowledges no position so bad, that a cool head and firm heart cannot find an honorable road to an extrication, or at least, point out a course which, if persisted in, will, in nine cases out of ten, cow the bully, and enable its possessor to come off conqueror.

We shall begin, therefore, with an occurrence, the scene of which, we are pleased to say—for it gives us an immense amount of latitude in its narration—is laid in the once almost uncivilized territory of Arkansas; and when we say Arkansas, we mean the Arkansas of the long past, as it used to be in those "good old times" (to quote from thoroughbred frontier's men,) "of pistol and bowie-knife sovereignty," when every man carried his own life, and not unfrequently the lives of a few of his neighbors, in his coat back or breast pocket, and the "regulators" had a funny way of hanging an unpopular individual *first*, and then trying him *afterwards*.

It was therefore during the existence of this highly commendable state of things that a certain young officer of the army, who had recently joined his regiment—and whom we shall, therefore, for convenience sake, call Lieutenant Newcome—arrived, at the close of a very fatiguing day's travel in the spring—when, as the reader may know, an Arkansas bottom road is a happy compound of "corduroy" and "hog wallow"—at a log-cabin hotel, or to call it by its more appropriate appellation, "doggery," in a certain little town which shall be nameless. Now it so happened at the time of our young Lieutenant's visit—for the "doggery" was "Hobson's choice," there being no other place within twelve or fifteen miles which could furnish horse feed and shelter—that this tavern of bad repute was favored by the presence of some half a dozen Border men, who, to do them justice, could hardly have been improved upon in their very peculiar way. And as one at least of these worthies will play a prominent part in the characteristic incident which we are about to relate, we may as well sketch him in as a fair sample of the lot.

Mr. Jake Chowler was an accomplished, but withal, somewhat eccentric rascal. He could cheat his companion at a "friendly game of poker," and shoot him afterwards—if he had the audacity to object to the procedure—with as little remorse as he would have brought down a "painter" or "drawn a bead upon a bar." In person, he was a tall, lank, fever-and-ague-shaken specimen of humanity, with unkempt, towy hair, and a most prodigious beard, which looked as if it might have been permitted to grow from the date of its first appearance; he had, moreover, keen eyes, deeply sunken, and as restless as an Indian's; add sharply cut features, high cheek bones, a low, receding forehead, and a sensual mouth—and you will have the portrait of one of the worst men who ever made laws to suit himself upon the Arkansas frontier.

As for his dress, if you be curious in externals, imagine a coon-skin cap worn nearly upon the back of the head, a loose, tobacco stained old overcoat, much the worse for wear, in whose side pocket the butt of a horse-pistol was distinctly visible, a pair of mud soiled pants with riding leathers, and buffalo overshoes—and you have completed an inventory of garments which argued quite as unfavorably for their wearer as did the reckless, dissipated expression of the man himself. In fact, to sum up Mr. Jake Chowler, or as he he preferred calling himself, Pine Knot Jake, in the fewest possible words, he was the terror of the country round; for with him to "jump a man up," with reason or without reason, for it mattered little as to the amount of provocation with Jake, was "good sport," and to shoot him afterwards, the consummation of a rather amusing affair.

With so peace-breaking a disposition, it is hardly to be wondered at that "Pine Knot Chowler" should have made a mental note of our young officer's quiet entry into the cabin where, at that particular moment, Mr. Chowler was enjoying himself, by indulging in the innocent relaxations of alternate whiskey-drinking, gambling, and dancing, or as the individual in question would have termed it, "breakin' down;" for there was a white-headed old darkey present, who was aiding the revel by the execution

"Of that good old tune"

which he rattled off upon his violin, with a facility of execution which betokened a practised hand.

In the meantime our Lieutenant, who was still suffering from the effects of a recent illness, had taken an out of the way seat near the stove, where he evinced a strong disposition to avoid any intercourse with the Borderers. It may be, too, that the young man laid himself open to the charge of "putting on airs," by neglecting, upon his entrance, to salute the company, either by the customary "good evening, gentlemen," or the yet more Western polite greeting of asking "the crowd" to "step up and liquor" at "his expense."

None of which, as we have already intimated, had escaped the keen eye of Mr. Jake Chowler. "He didn't like it. He allowed that thar dog-gauned city raised *thing* in thar brass buttons, war a puttin' on mighty high falutin' ways, an' crowdin' thar boys a heap."

But Pine Knot Jake was not the man to confine his indignation to mere words; so after "standin' it," as he said, "until a human couldn't bar it no longer," he walked up to the stranger, and the following dialogue ensued:

Chowler.—(At the same time slapping the Lieutenant familiarly upon the back)—Step up, hoss, an' liquor.

Lieutenant.—I thank you, sir, but I don't feel like drinking.

Chowler. Yes, yeou do; so jest step up, stranger, an' kinder move yourself, too; don't yeou see that thar crowd air a waitin'?

Lieutenant.—But I don't wish to drink, sir.

Chowler.—I don't kear ef yeou don't. I want you to drink with *me*. My name air Jake Chowler; Pine Knot Jake they call me whar I come from, all on account of my bein' so dreadful easy to whip. Will you drink with *me now*?

Lieutenant.—No, sir.

Chowler.—Ef yeour a goin' to crowd a man that thar way, I jest tell you, stranger, that yeou *shall* drink with me.

Lieutenant.—And I tell you, sir, that I will not.

Chowler.—Wael, stranger, ef you *will* hev it so—here Mr. Chowler drew a horse-pistol, which he cocked and pointed at the Lieutenant's head—I'll jest let yeou know, that ef yeou don't take a drink with this hyar child, and be right sudden a doin' it, I'll raise the top off your head with this hyar tool, and ef *that* don't settle yeou, I allow to gather yeou by your har, an' shake yeou till your dog-gauned toe-nails drop off.

Upon receiving this mild intimation, a close observer might have noticed the sudden change that passed like a cloud shadow over the young soldier's face; for his eye flashed, the lip was compressed, and the thin nostril dilated; but these signs of indignation, if such they were, lasted but for a moment, and as the pale features settled back into their wonted repose, there was almost a smile, though some would have called it a *meaning* one, upon Lieutenant Newcome's face, who, nevertheless, appeared subdued, for he rose to his feet, as if to comply with this very pressing invitation.

"Mr. Chowler," said our Lieutenant, as they approached the filthy pen of liquor-stained boards, which enclosed the, if possible, still dirtier "bar," "Mr. Chowler, I know your character; I am entirely unarmed; I have told you that I did not wish to drink, and should not do so now, except upon compulsion; at the same time, I prefer drinking *even with* you, to being shot down in cold blood."

To this, the bully made no verbal reply, but laughed insultingly; ordered "drinks for two," laid his pistol upon the counter, and, at the same time, turned his head slightly round, to exchange telegraphic congratulations with a companion upon the ease with which he, the accomplished Pine Knot Chowler, had "backed down one of Uncle Sam's highfalutin pets."

But Mr. Chowler's moment of triumph was destined to be short-lived—indeed, its end was already at hand—for young Newcome, who had an eye like a hawk, had been watching his unceremonious acquaintance's movements keenly. He saw the pistol laid down; a thought flashed across his mind; to execute it was the work of an instant. He edged quietly towards the bar, and extended his right arm, as if to take up the tumbler in which the whiskey, brown sugar, etc., had already been mingled for his benefit, but instead of doing so, he leant forward, shoved his persecutor aside with one rigorous push of his left hand, and, at the same time, grasped the weapon, which fortunately for him, was still cocked, and then, with one spring, placed his back against the wall, and, as they say out West, drew a bead upon Mr. Jake Chowler's left breast, who, in utter amazement at this most unexpected change in the position of affairs, was, at the moment, regarding him with distended eyes, and open mouth, not to dwell upon certain indications of bodily trepidation, which had suddenly appeared upon the crest-fallen bully's now anxious face.

"Mr. Chowler," said our Lieutenant, whose voice was even calmer than it was when he declined the first invitation to step up and drink, "Mr. Chowler, you had, or thought you had, matters all your own way, but a moment ago; then, you were armed, and I was not; now, however, the tables are turned, so, as I have the superiority at present, you will very much oblige me, as there is a fiddler present, by stepping out upon the floor, and favoring this good company with a specimen of your dancing."

Mr. Chowler.—But I don't *feel* like dancin', stranger.

Lieutenant.—Exactly what I said to you, Mr. Chowler, a short time ago, when you requested me to drink; but though you do look as if you didn't *feel* like dancing, I must really insist upon your favoring us, the more so, as your friends seem to be anxious for you to begin.

Mr. Chowler.—But I don't *want* to dance, stranger.

Lieutenant.—My own words again, sir; but you must permit me to answer your objection in the same manner that you replied to mine; I don't care whether you do or not; I wish you to dance for *me*; my name is Harry Newcome, and when at my post, they call me, although not considered easy to whip, a person who won't be imposed upon. *Now*, sir, will you dance for me, or shall I be under the painful necessity of carrying out this parallel to our recent conversation, by promising to shoot you in case of a refusal?

Mr. Pine Knot Chowler looked into the Lieutenant's eye, which was fixed intently upon his own, and for a moment, there was something in the almost fiend-like expression of the baffled ruffian's face, which bespoke a tiger foiled, but nerving himself for some desperate leap; a second glance, however, at the steady hand, whose fore-finger rested upon the trigger of a weapon, which, as nobody knew better than Mr. Jake Chowler, had never yet missed fire, had its restraining effect; so, with something that sounded marvellously like a smothered growl, Mr. Chowler stepped out upon the floor, and made a sign to the terrified darkey, who had, since the bully's discomfiture, sat staring with protruding eyes at the brass-buttoned stranger, to "strike up somethin' about right," and then began shuffling away, like a bear upon a hot iron plate; but though his movements were awkward enough at first, there was something either in the tune or in the necessity of making the best of a bad matter, which seemed to operate soothingly upon the Borderer, for as the negro bent to his instrument, and rolled out the according notes, Mr. Chowler's grim features relaxed, expanded, and finally widened out into a really hearty laugh, as he finished up a hoe-down, with a sort of first-class, back-action double-shuffle, and cut-the-pigeon-wing step in the most approved Arkansas style.

"Stop, Mr. Chowler," cried the Lieutenant.

Mr. Chowler stood firm in his tracks as if glued to the floor, the music ceased, and a dead silence reigned in the cabin.

"Mr. Chowler," said the young officer, "I came here to night a stranger to you all; I neither interfered with you, nor did I do anything to provoke the treatment which I have received. You insisted upon my drinking with you. I declined, not from any desire to give offence, or because I believed that I should incur any degradation by so doing, but simply for the reason given in my reply to your invitation, that I did not feel like it. A little good luck, Mr. Chowler, coupled with some management upon my part, has enabled me to prevent, as well as *punish* your attempt to force me into doing what I had already positively declined. And now, sir, I can only say, as I have told you before, that I have not even a pen-knife with which to defend myself—as for I am about to return your pistol—and if either you or your friends should see fit to murder an unarmed man, I can do nothing to deter you."

"But, Mr. Chowler," added the Lieutenant, as he laid down the weapon and turned to resume his seat, "I shall not drink with you or any other man upon compulsion."

It is reported that Mr. Pine Knot Chowler gathered himself up, stared first at the pistol, and then at the "stranger," who had now returned to his low chair by the stove, where he sat, to all appearance, as if utterly unconscious of the existence of such a being as his late antagonist, in the world. Mr. Chowler grasped the pistol, let down the hammer, then took it up and played with the trigger, as if undecided as to how he *ought* to act. In fact, Mr. Chowler was meditating upon his late defeat; he, the "Pine Knot" had been "backed down," he "felt bad," he "would hev given thar best hoss he ever rode," as he afterwards expressed it, "to get even." But the lesson he had learned was too recent and too strong for him. He accordingly forced a smile—swallowed his share of the old Monongahe'la at a gulp—paid for *both* drinks, of which one still remained untasted upon the board, pocketed his pistol, "allowed that thar stranger fur an Eastern raised man, wor a hoss," and finally remarked, that "as it war a gettin' powerful late, he reckoned it about time for him to be a travellin'."

The second incident which we promised the reader, took place upon that equally favorable locality for the acting out of such affairs as these—a down-river Mississippi steamboat. The circumstances are briefly as follows:

The table was laid for dinner in the spacious upper-cabin of what in those days—for the occurrence which we are about to relate took place many years ago—was considered a first-class river-boat. The passengers were seated at their meal, when a swaggering, devil-may-care fellow—who had spent his time since coming on board at "Natcher-under-the-hill," between corn-whiskey and cards—came sauntering in from the "social hall," and took his place at the board, at the same time drawing forth a brace of hair triggered duelling pistols, which he cocked, and laid upon either side of his plate, in such a manner that the muzzles of the loaded weapons were pointed directly at the breast of a grey-headed merchant from New Orleans, a very quiet unobtrusive sort of person, who sat opposite the gambler.

"Sir," said the old man, "will you do me the favor to remove those pistols, for it is impossible to eat my dinner comfortably when my life is endangered by the very careless manner in which you have thrown down your weapons."

To this mild remonstrance, the person addressed vouchsafed no farther reply than an oath, coupled with the intimation, that "if the old fellow didn't like it, he might leave the cabin; but as for himself he would not move his fire-arms, to please the best man that ever walked."

Upon receiving this discourteous reply the old merchant uttered not a word, but resumed his chair, from which he had partly risen, with the air of a man who had made up his mind to endure an annoyance which he cannot prevent. In a few moments, however, he raised his head, made a signal to the negro-man, a private servant of his own who was attending upon him, and gave some whispered order; the negro disappeared, entered the merchant's state-room by its outer door, but immediately returned to his place beside his master's chair, where he stooped down, produced something from behind his back, and placed the articles, whatever they were, in the merchant's hands, as the old man put them quietly back to grasp what he had sent for. A moment more and all present were electrified by seeing the old gentleman straighten himself up, with a cocked pistol in either hand, which he levelled full at the gambler's head, at the same instant calling out—

"If you stir, or dare to move a finger, sir, you are a dead man."

He then motioned to the negro who stood grinning at his side.

"Tom," said he, "go round and take up that person's pistols, remove the caps, and lay them in the berth in his state-room; he won't need them, at least until after dinner."

"As for you, sir," added he, turning to the discomfitted swaggerer, as Tom literally carried out his master's instructions, "I fancy you will not be disposed to bully even an *old* man in future."

When the Screamer No. 3 stopped to "wood up," some two hours afterwards, the "gambling man" was, "by particular request," one of those who landed, and remained upon shore.

INDIAN BABIES.

We will add a paragraph here, which might very properly be headed, "A real blessing to mothers and nurses," or an infallible receipt to stop babies from crying whether or no, and then we shall say farewell to Mr. Ingin, at least for the present.

We had noticed that Indian babies didn't cry; we had seen these cunning-looking, hairless, black-eyed, dear darling little angels (we quote from enthusiastic young *unmarried* ladies now,) as they hung in a most neck-breaking fashion from their mothers' backs, with their heads poked out of the Mackinaw blanket-folds (in which the little innocents were enwrapped to an extent which threatened their speedy suffocation,) so as to admit of their peeping over the maternal left shoulder; but still no cry, no whimper—no, not even with a cholic to provoke it—gave notice that little How-wow-bob-ery was in pain. "But why," methinks we hear the inquisitive reader exclaim, "was this? Was the long-named cherub dumb? Had the pretty copper-colored pet been tongue-tied from the hour of its birth?" Oh, no, nothing of the sort; it had been better trained than the child of the pale face, that's all; for the wigwam is a stern school, and the Indian a most impartial teacher; and little How-wow-what do-you-call-him, though not yet twelve moons old, knows better than to squall, for his infant memory still retains the recollection of a time when his first unlucky squall was greeted by a ducking in the nearest creek, administered by his papa, that celebrated warrior Wont-stand-any-such-humbug; and his second by ditto repeated, until he had learnt to reason from his former aquatic experiences that the same thing might happen again. So the "recollections of the past," all sombre though they be, warn him to "keep a stiff upper lip," even though he don't "feel jolly." From "all of which and singular" you may perceive that as "a burnt child" is said to "dread the fire" upon this side of the Mississippi, so a ducked one may fear the water upon the other. And, finally, under this head, we would, with all due deference, beg leave to recommend this system of immersion to indulgent mammas in general; for they may rest assured that there is nothing like *Hydropathy* for converting a "squalling brat" into "a treasure of a baby."

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, FOR THE YEAR 1855. By THOMAS S. KIRKBRIDE, M. D., Physician to the Institution.

In reference to the means of cure adopted in this Institution, it is stated that

"Out-door labor on the grounds, in the garden, or on the farm, continues to be among the most valuable means of treatment for a certain class of curable patients—of immense benefit, directly, to the comfort and general health of many whose minds may not be restored, and indirectly to all who come in contact with these last, on account of their greater tranquility by day, their sound rest at night, and their lessened irritability at all times.

"All the good effects of a reasonable amount of regular physical exercise and labor in the open air, both for those whose mental integrity is unimpaired, and for those who are insane, are hardly yet anywhere as fully recognized and appreciated as they should be. The systematic daily use of the muscular system will be found the best means of preventing most of that nervousness, and a considerable portion of those varied forms of obscure affections dependent upon deranged nervous action, so common in the higher stages of civilisation with increasing luxury of living; and which bring in their train such loads of wretchedness and discomfort, and embitter so seriously the lives of many, who, to a careful observer, would seem to possess most of the elements of human happiness.

"The present buildings being crowded, it is proposed to make an addition as soon as funds can be raised. The great value of a well-conducted public place for the Insane is evident from the fact that among the peculiarities of Insanity, one of the most important is that which all experience clearly proves, that it is commonly best managed among strangers, and rarely with success except in institutions specially arranged for its treatment. The aid of the charitable may provide all that is requisite for the poorest, when suffering from ordinary sickness, at their own homes, but when insanity strikes down a member of a family, it is one of the most painful of its attendants, that all the resources of wealth, all the efforts of skill, and all the devoted attentions of the tenderest affection so commonly fail to afford relief to the sufferer while at his own home."

THE SUMMER OF THE PESTILENCE. A History of the Ravages of the Yellow Fever in Norfolk, Virginia, A. D., 1855. By GEORGE D. ARMSTRONG, D. D. Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This brief but complete and graphic history reminds us of the terribly thrilling accounts of the Plague in London which were burned in upon our childish memory. There are useful lessons to be drawn from such a visitation, and we are glad to see the work of recording it so well done. It could only be fittingly described by one who stayed in the midst of the terror, and who stayed from duty; facing death with the spirit of a brave man and a trusting Christian. A pestilence like that which desolated Norfolk, tests the genuineness of a man's religious faith; only a true soldier of the Cross could meet it unappalled.

LIFE IN BRAZIL; or a Journal of a Visit to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm. By THOMAS EWBANK. With over One Hundred Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

There is a great deal of entertainment and information in this book. The author says in his preface:—"Besides church affairs, I noted whatever interested me, and that, in sooth, was nearly everything; arts, manners, customs, buildings, trades, tools, pottery, food, slaves, animals, agricultural products, climate, diseases, population, antiquities, &c., &c.; hence this volume will be found a miscellany of tropical life."

THE ISLAND OF CUBA. By ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes and a Preliminary Essay. By J. S. THRASHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by Parry & McMillan, 4th and Chesnut, Philadelphia.

This volume is a general view of Cuba—its physical aspect, climate, geography, population, slavery, races, sugar-culture, agriculture, commerce, internal communications, revenue, &c.

THE FIRST AND THE SECOND MARRIAGES; Or, THE COURTSHIPS OF WEDDED LIFE. By MRS MADELINE LESLIE. Boston: Shepherd, Clark & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The principles and manners that make home happy or otherwise, illustrated in a series of rather interesting sketches. Some of the scenes are quite touching.

THE GRAIN TRADE OF THE WEST is a subject of a good deal of discussion in the papers. Some of the Western papers say that there is comparatively but little wheat in store on the railroads and canals of that section of the country. The price of seed wheat in the interior of Illinois is considerably above the market, spring wheat for seed and milling bringing from $1,20 to $1,50, and the supply furnished is barely sufficient to meet home consumption. The stock of corn, on the other hand, is represented as being quite heavy. At Louisville the price of corn has declined materially, causing to speculators serious losses. Holders have, in a great measure, ceased shipping, as the price in foreign markets would not warrant the cost of transportation.

The greatest clothing establishment in the world is that of M. Godillot, in Paris. It employs sixty-six sewing machines, kept in motion by a steam engine of nine horse power, and which sewed all the overcoats for the Crimean army. The superintendent of the establishment is the Emperor's tailor, Dussantoy, who has invented a cutting machine capable of cutting out fifteen suits at once, almost with the rapidity of lightning. Besides the machines, one thousand women and girls are constantly engaged at sewing.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 213—Adults 96, and children 117.

WISCONSIN.

NORTH PEPIN, March 1st.

Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post:

In your paper of February 2nd, I noticed the following inquiry: "Is there any region west of the Alleghanies where good and cheap land may be found, and almost, if not quite exempt from chills and fever? We suppose there is no such region," &c.

Now sir, let me give you a few facts in regard to this region of country.

Health is the first thing to be desired in a new country, and as the climate has so intimate a connexion with it, we will take the past winter, with its unparalleled severities everywhere, as an illustration of the winters in northern Wisconsin.

Since October there has been no rain; and since the 17th of December, not three inches of snow have fallen on an average. In the latter part of November, snow fell to the amount of seven inches, and this has laid upon the ground all winter, protecting the roots before the ground had become frozen to any depth.

It is true that we have had severe weather, and the thermometer has stood at 28 below zero—sometimes even lower.

Still, silent cold, free from the sweeping blasts of Illinois and Iowa; but as a compensation we have had from day to day and week to week, clear, cloudless skies, and nothing can exceed the beauty of our moonlight nights, amidst the diversified scenery of hill and valley, bold bluffs and deep gorges.

And with no thaws or humid atmosphere, what is there to produce chills and fever? During a six months residence, no case of the kind has occurred to my knowledge. On reading the paragraph, inquiry was made whether cases ever did occur, and the answer satisfied me that they were rare, and of short duration, and usually brought hither in the constitution. But no one speaks of it—no one fears it, or guards against it.

The country abounds in creeks fed by living springs, rendering them clear, sweet and cold in any season of the year. These will supply any amount of water power, when the time shall arrive to bring it into use.

The soil is a dark grey loam, resting on a lime and sand-stone formation, and has been constantly enriched by the yearly fires that have swept over it, and no one can desire a soil more rich or tender.

The general character of the country is the *rolling prairie* and *oak openings*, with timber enough for all purposes for which it is required.

The price of *land* within seven miles of the Mississippi, is from three to five dollars per acre, and further back it can be had from Uncle Sam for $1,25. The land is exceedingly well adapted to wheat, as it is free from the freezing and thawing, and throwing out process, which renders wheat so uncertain in more changeable climates. From thirty five to forty bushels the acre is the usual average.

The Market.—The Chippewa, river which empties into the Mississippi at the foot of Lake Pepin, has on its head and tributaries some eight thousand lumber-men, constantly employed, and creating a demand for all kinds of produce, which thus far the farmers in the county are not able to supply—of course, prices are high, and for years to come we may expect a steady market.

The river (Mississippi,) is open six months in the year, affording communication with Dubuque, Burlington, St. Louis, &c.

The projected railroad from Madison to St. Pauls via Point Prescott, will pass near the lake, giving access to Milwaukie and Chicago. The village of North Pepin one year ago contained four houses, now numbers forty, and the coming season it is expected this number will be doubled.

A chartered bank is in operation—a flourishing Methodist church, and a Congregational clergyman is expected soon to labor here.

The settlers are chiefly from New England and Pennsylvania, and of course have brought their industrious and energetic habits with them, which will now change the wilderness to a fruitful garden.

G. H. B.

THE BURNING OF THE NEW JERSEY.—The Coroner's Jury have returned a verdict in this case, of which the following are the principal points:—

5. That the following persons were on the occasion of these deaths by violence in charge of said boat: William Corson, as Captain or collector; John Springer, Pilot; Carney Carter, Engineer, and David Jester, Fireman.

6. That no censure attaches to the conduct of those persons, or either of them, who appear, to this inquest, to have discharged their duty according to their *capacity* in such an emergency.

7. That the steam ferry boat New Jersey, by the burning of which these deaths by violence occurred, was entirely unfit for the transportation of passengers. That she was inadequately manned, her boiler worn out, leaky and defective; that there were no boats, life-preservers, floats, spare plank, buckets on deck, or any other means provided for the escape of passengers in case of fire, collision, explosion, or any other emergency.

8. That the ferry boat New Jersey, by the burning of which these deaths by violence occurred, was owned by the Camden and Philadelphia Steamboat Ferry Company, a company incorporated by an act of the Legislature of New Jersey, of which John W. Mickle is President; E. A. Stevens, Benjamin Fisk, John L. McKnight, Gideon V. Stevens, John C. Bullitt, Samuel Thompson, William H. Gatzmer and John R. Thompson are Directors and Managers, and A. B. Frasee is General Agent or Superintendent.

That the deceased came to their deaths by the inefficiency exhibited by Richard Fetters, in the examination of the boiler of said boat, and by the negligence of John W. Mickle, President, E. A. Stevens, Benjamin Fish, John L. McKnight, Gideon V. Stevens, John C. Bullitt, Samuel Thompson, William H. Gatzmer and John R. Thompson, Directors and Managers, and A. B. Frasee, General Superintendent of the said Company, in the employment of an unfit and unsafe boat for the transport of passengers, and their omission properly to man and equip and supply with means of escape from the said ferry boat.

BIRTH OF NAPOLEON III.—Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the present Emperor of the French, was born on the 20th April, 1808, at the Tuileries. His mother was Hortense, Queen of Holland, the wife of Napoleon's brother Louis, to whom that kingdom had been assigned. The marriage of Hortense and Louis was most unfortunate; they did nothing but quarrel, and, in September, 1807, they finally separated at Amsterdam, and Hortense returned to her mother in Paris. There the present Emperor was born, and it is remarkable that he and the King of Rome were the only two persons of the family of Napoleon whose births were received with military honors and the homage of the people.

There is one circumstance connected with the fate of this family which historians have not yet observed, but which is well worth mention. Napoleon the Great set aside his own best friend and counsellor, Josephine, to obtain an heir to the throne of France. He married a Princess of Austria, and by her he had a son. That birth was the culminating point of his power and his dignity. From thence he did nothing but descend. He died in exile—his son also. Who succeeded to his name, his fame, his power? The child of Hortense, who was the child of Josephine! In the person of the Emperor of the French we find not the offspring of Napoleon the Great but the offspring of his discarded wife! What an illustration of the truth of the adage, "That it is man who proposes, but God who disposes!"—*Evening Post.*

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 1st, Senators Clayton of Delaware, and Bell, of Tennessee joined to forget where they were, and their position before the country, and before other countries; but by the next day, they had regained their equilibrium, and the right words were mutually spoken.

On the 2nd, there was considerable discussion upon a joint resolution permitting Dr. Kane and the officers associated with him, to receive such acknowledgments as Great Britain might present. Certain Senators seemed to fear that Dr. Kane might be made Duke of the Icebergs, Earl of the White Bears, or Baron of the Polar Seas—and so, after "much ado about nothing," the subject went over. The Central American Question was further discussed. Mr. Fessenden was for dismissing Mr. Crampton, and waiting until Great Britain gives occasion before we interpose in Central America. Mr. Case did not suppose that England would retract at all; and it was not probable that England would declare war against us. Why should she, when she has got all she wants? The true question is, what ought we to do. Shall we continue to submit, or shall we take a decided stand? We will enforce and maintain our rights.

On the 3rd, Mr. Collamer argued to show that, by the practical contemporaneous construction of the Constitution, Congress never submitted the question of freedom or slavery to the people of the territories, and insisted that Congress has the power to legislate on the subject therein. He defended the Emigrant Aid Societies, and read from papers of South Carolina, to show that the South has adopted similar measures, thus entering into competition with the North, which was altogether proper.

On the 4th, the House bill appropriating $300,000 for restoring and maintaining peaceable relations with the Indians of the Pacific coast, and appropriating $300,000 for the purchase of gunpowder, was passed.

Kansas affairs then came up, and Mr. Collamer resumed, contending that the Missourians went into the Territory to control the elections, fearing the Free State men would triumph unless they interposed. He believed that more than 5,000 illegal votes were cast, and that the actual inhabitants were driven from the polls, not being permitted to vote in some districts. As to the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, he thought it rather hurt that the North, having made a bargain which they were not over, well satisfied with, but which they were content to abide by for the sake of good faith, should now lose the little advantage they derived from it. He presumed gentlemen were familiar with the story of the Vicar of Wakefield, and remembered how Moses traded his horse for a lot of green spectacles with shagreen cases. He did not suppose that the Vicar was proud of that bargain, but he had never heard that the horse jockey, after using up his horse, had come back to demand his green spectacles again.

Mr Douglas maintained that the purpose of the Free State men in Kansas was to resist the Federal Government, if their application to be received as a State was rejected. They had given notice that unless they were admitted they would resist to a bloody issue, and purchased Sharp's rifles, and organized the Kansas legion, with its horrible oaths, for the purpose of being prepared for such resistance. Yet, the Senator from Vermont omitted all these facts in his two days' speech. Mr. Douglas mentioned as a remarkable fact, that the first intimation of an election to take place on the 30th of March, in Kansas, came by the way of Boston, through the agents of the Emigrant Aid Society, showing that it was a private understanding between them and Mr. Reeder to influence the elections by sending voters from the North. In closing, Mr Douglas denied the charge of invasion by the Missourians. Adjourned till Monday.

On the 7th, Mr Cass desired to present a memorial from persons composing the self styled Legislature of Kansas, and move its reference to the Committee on Territories. He moved it be printed. After discussion, the subject was laid aside.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Territorial questions were discussed on the 1st and 4th—the 2nd and 3rd being devoted to the Deficiency Bill. On the 4th, Mr. Evans offered a bill to authorize and facilitate the construction of the Northern and Central Pacific Railroad and Magnetic Telegraph line. Referred to the Select Committee on that subject.

Mr. Smith, of Tenn., argued that the South was more conservative than the North, and hence the accession of slave States had a tendency to strengthen the Union.—Mr. Smith launched into party politics, reviewing in condemnation the Republican and American organizations, particularly the latter.

Mr. Granger, prompted, as he said, by a stern sense of duty, discussed the question of slavery, which, he argued, was incompatible with the Constitution of the United States, and therefore illegal. In spirit and express terms that instrument repudiates slavery, and positively bars its existence. Adjourned until Monday.

On the 7th, Mr. Mace, by unanimous consent, presented the Constitution of Kansas, together with the memorial of the Free State Legislature on the subject. Referred to the Committee on Territories. Mr. Mace moved to print 10,000 copies, which motion was referred to the Committee on Printing.

NEWS ITEMS.

IMPERIAL STYLE OF TRAVELLING.—An imperial train, as it is termed, consisting of five or six railroad cars or carriages, has recently

Letter from England.

HIGHLAND INDIGNATION AT THE LATEST HISTORY—WELSH CELEBRATIONS AND PATRIOTIC CONCERT—OLD BOTTLES FOR THE NEW WINE—LITERATURE OF WALES—THE MABINOGION—PICTURESQUE SCENERY, AND THE STORY OF THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

LONDON, March 14th, 1856.

The historian, Macaulay, has given great offence, it seems, to the *Highlanders* of Glenmore in Inverness-shire, by the uncomplimentary stories related of *their* ancestors, in his lately published volume of the History of England. While preparing his work, Mr. Macaulay resided for some time in the highlands, at Glenmore House; and no doubt the inhabitants of that beautiful and romantic district, looked with especial interest for the appearance of his new volume. When, however, they came to read the various insulting charges brought against the proudly cherished memory of their progenitors, so aggrieved and indignant did they become, that they formed a procession, headed by a piper playing the "Rogue's March," and thus proceeded to Black Rock, near Glenmore House, and burnt the historian in effigy, amid universal shouts of execration.

It is interesting to see how old national feelings linger among the mountains. The Welsh have just concluded with great rejoicings their celebrations of St. David's day; St David, an ancient Bishop of Wales, being their patron saint. At Cheltenham, a watering place, frequented by great numbers of the Welsh gentry, one of their countrymen has been in the habit for years past of getting up annually a Welsh concert for their gratification. One of these has just taken place, at which the celebrated "Gruffyd" performed on the tripled stringed harp, and "Ehedyild Lou" sang the old airs of Wales, attired in the national costume. So enthusiastic were the feelings of the audience, that when the ode to St. David's day was sung, they all spontaneously rose up and remained standing through the whole of its performance, after that invariable custom of the English in singing God Save the Queen.

Sir Benjamin Hall, the Member of Parliament and Public Commissioner—who has been somewhat twitted of late for inconsistency in causing the band to play on Sunday in Kensington Gardens, and then voting against the motion for opening the National Gallery and British Museum on that day when he saw that the preponderance of public feeling was against it—has large estates in Wales, and has greatly increased his popularity there by building churches and schools, in which the services and teachings are to be conducted in the Welsh language. A measure which, however gratifying to the national feeling, would hardly seem to be conducive to their true welfare, as, with the exception of a plentiful budget of old stories and legends, they have no native literature. A few years ago a collection of old Welsh fairy stories, with English translations, was published by Lady Charlotte Guest, from original manuscripts entitled the Mabinogion, and occupying, with their copious notes, three large volumes. They are somewhat similar in character to the Arabian Nights, but greatly inferior in interest and in imaginative splendor. Here I will give you a shortened edition of the most amusing portion of a Legend of the History of Taliesin, literally the "Radiant Brow," a Welsh bard of the sixth century, regarded by his countrymen as the Prince of Song, and known to us only by a short but spirited invocation of Gray.

In times past, there lived upon an island in the midst of a lake, a man of gentle lineage, with his wife, who was called Caridwen. They had a son and a daughter who were exceedingly beautiful, but also another son who was the most ill-favored man in the world, and his mother feared that he would not be admitted among men of noble birth, by reason of his ugliness, unless he had some exalted merit or knowledge which might recommend him to the Court of King Arthur and to the round table, then in the earliest period of their renown. So she resolved according to the arts of the books of the Fferylli, to boil a cauldron of Inspiration and Science for her son, that she might secure for him an honorable reception, through his knowledge of the mysteries of the future state of the world. So she prepared her cauldron which was not to cease boiling for a year and a day, until three blessed drops were obtained of the grace of inspiration. As she herself was occupied with gathering herbs, she set Gwion Bach, the son of one of her neighbors, to watch the cauldron, and a blind man named Morda to attend to the fire beneath it. One day towards the end of the year, as Caridwen was culling plants and making incantations, three drops of the charmed liquor flew out of the cauldron and fell upon the finger of Gwion Bach. It was so terribly hot, that he instantly stuck his finger into his mouth, and the moment that he tasted those marvellous drops, he foresaw everything that was to come, and that his chief care must be to guard against Caridwen, for vast was her skill. In great fear he fled homewards, and the cauldron burst in two, because all the liquor contained in it, except the charm-bearing drops, was poisonous. The poison ran into the waters of the lake, and all the horses that drank of it from that time forth, were sure to die. When Caridwen came in and saw the toil of the whole year lost, she flew into such a rage, that catching up a billet of wood, she struck the blind man Morda with such violence as to knock out one of his eyes.

"Wrongfully hast thou disfigured me," said he, very patiently, "for I am innocent."

"Thou speakest truly," said Caridwen, "it was Gwion Bach that robbed me."

So she ran after him; and Gwion Bach espied her, and changing himself into a hare fled from her—but she changed herself into a gray-hound and intercepted him; and he ran towards a river and became a fish—and she, as an otter, chased him under the water. Then he, as a bird, soared into the sky—and she, as a hawk, followed him and gave him no rest; and so they proceeded, until finally he was transformed into a new-born infant of such exceeding beauty, that Caridwen could not make up her mind to destroy him, but wrapped him in a leathern bag, and cast him into the sea, to fare as best he might. Now it so happened that the rich man of that country lived in a castle built upon the sea-shore, and every May eve he was accustomed to drag the weir, and to take a hundred pounds of fish. He had a son named Elphin, the most hapless and unfortunate of youths, and the father was greatly grieved concerning him, as he feared that he was born in an evil hour, and would never come to any good. However, he determined that this time Elphin should go to the fishing, as May eve had always been a lucky time, and he trusted that he might succeed for once, and thus change his fortune.

But Elphin took no fish, and drew up nothing on his poles but a leather bag. Then the old

HENRY A. WISE.

guardian of the weir was greatly troubled fearing that Elphin had destroyed the virtues of the weir, which had always before yielded a hundred pounds of fish on every May eve, and on this night behold there was nothing but a leather skin in it.

"How now," cried Elphin, "do not be in too much haste, perhaps it may contain the value of a hundred pounds!"

So they took up the leather bag and beheld, on opening it, the beautiful forehead of the boy.

"Look!" said Elphin, "what a radiant brow! He shall be called Taliesin." So, lamenting his mischance in regard to the fishing, he lifted the boy in his arms, and placed him sorrowfully behind him. And he made his horse, that before had been trotting, amble gently, and carried him as gently as if he had been sitting in the easiest chair in the world.

Presently the boy opened his mouth, and commenced his first poem, which was one of consolation and praise for Elphin, to whom he prophecied great future prosperity on his account,—all of which came to pass,—and the boy grew up in Elphin's castle, astonishing the country round with his songs, and receiving an invitation to the Court of King Arthur, of which he became one of the most distinguished ornaments.

So much for a peep into the pages of Mabinogion.

The scenery of Wales, though not so grand as that of Scotland, is almost equally celebrated for its beauty and picturesqueness, and each wild spot has some appropriate legend. One of the most amusing, is that related concerning the Devil's Bridge, a natural passage across a rocky river chasm. It is that an old woman one day, lost her cow, and after searching for it a long time, she came to the chasm, and perceived the missing animal on a cleft of the rock upon the opposite side. As there was no way of passing over, she was greatly perplexed, and knew not what to do. At length giving way to despair, she seated herself upon the ground, and commenced to cry and howl with all her remaining strength. While engaged in this interesting occupation, she became suddenly aware of the presence of a stranger, and arresting her cries, she looked up with amazement, beholding before her a short, broad-shouldered black figure, with horns and tail of most suspicious character. But the face of the stranger bore an expression of most compassionate sympathy, and the poor old woman, in her distress and despair, was glad of a kind word, even though it came, as she instantly surmised, from the devil himself. The black stranger began to condole with her in the gentlest tone imaginable, and finally offered to throw a bridge for her across the chasm, accompanying his kind offer by only one trifling condition—that the one who should first pass across the bridge should be his. The old woman thought a little while, and reflecting that if she did not recover her cow, she should be lost, and that she could not be more than lost if she belonged to the devil, she accepted his offer. Instantly, across the chasm, flew this wonderful bridge, and beside it stood the old woman, rather alarmed at the immediate fulfillment of the bargain. On the other side stood the cow, within a few minutes walk, but the obstinate animal evidently had not the slightest intention of availing herself of this opportunity of returning to her mistress, and indeed the old woman could not wish it, as she had no idea of recovering her cow merely to deliver it up to her black friend; at the same time the prospect of belonging to him herself, was not altogether a pleasing one. The devil stood by enjoying her perplexity, and secure of its final termination. He knew she could not long behold her cow within reach, without going after it. But for once the devil was outwitted, the old woman suddenly drew from her pocket a piece of bread, and threw it with all her might across the bridge. Her dog, a lean and hungry animal, standing by and wistfully regarding her, instantly darted across the bridge, and secured the desirable morsel, and the devil found himself entitled to the possession of that long, thin and ill-conditioned creature.

Now, as the devil kept no dogs, except three-headed ones, he very gladly waved his claim, and the old woman passed across the bridge, and triumphantly drove home her cow, assisted by her dog, who that evening received a plentiful dish of milk, and various other morsels of bread in return for his services.

COULD NOT SEE TO READ.—An amusing incident once occurred to Mr. Ware, the oculist. He had performed the operation of couching upon a poor old woman. After it was over, Mr. W. inquired of his patient whether she could read a book of a tolerably sized print, which he opened before her. "No, sir, I cannot read it," replied the dame. Down she was in the chair again, and Mr. W. succeeded in removing another coat of film from her eyes. "Can you read it now, my good woman?" said he. "No, sir—no, sir, I cannot." "Very extraordinary!" cried the oculist, throwing down his instrument, "very extraordinary indeed! Cannot you see to read at all?" "No, sir, no," rejoined the old lady; "but mayhap it may be 'cause I *never learned to read at all!*"

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—The three things most difficult are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

ADULTERATED MEDICINES.

The St. Louis *Medical Investigator* says: It is not always an easy matter for physicians to tell a genuine homœopathic preparation from an adulterated allopathic one. An expert apothecary can make almost any preparation you may call for, out of alcohol or water; giving the precise taste, smell and color of the drug to the counterfeit. We have, more than once, heard physicians boast of their judgment in these matters, and absolutely select the spurious tincture for the genuine, when placed side by side.

When our medicines are purchased in an attenuated form, it is impossible for the very best judges to decide with any degree of certainty, as to their quality. After a drug has been carried up to the third or fourth dilution, it generally loses its taste, color, smell, &c., and the only thing perceptible to our senses, is the alcohol used as a vehicle in most of our preparations. It therefore precludes the possibility of telling whether or not the so-called preparation contain any medicinal properties. For this reason ignorant and credulous persons are often imposed upon with a vial of alcohol for a genuine homœopathic dilution.

It is said that some have already made a princely fortune in these pursuits, [selling spurious medicines] the effect of which induces hundreds of others, of the same character, to engage in the nefarious business. The consequences are that our entire country is beginning to be flooded with spurious homœopathic medicines. Druggists, who have heretofore ridiculed our little globules, now parade them upon their shelves. Why is this? Simply from the fact that they can sell an adulterated article much cheaper than an honest pharmaceutist can a genuine one, and at the same time the druggist makes an enormous profit.

Some dealers have gone so far as to import their bottles from Germany, and after filling them with their own preparations, sell them as genuine German tinctures. Hundreds of homœopathic physicians have been imposed upon in this way. Our medicines are not only retailed in almost every town, but they are actually hawked about from house to house by peddlers, and bantered off like spurious jewelry, and almost anything taken in exchange for them, that, like old rags and sheepskins, can be converted into money. Many will sooner purchase of such persons than from a reliable pharmaceutist, especially if they can save one dime by so doing.

It is not surprising that some few of the laity should be imposed upon with worthless medicines, but the idea of a physician jeopardizing the health and life of his patient with homœopathic remedies that he can procure for the least money, is too outrageous to be tolerated in any enlightened community, if once generally known. An allopathic druggist might engage in such business with more propriety, believing as he does that at best they are worthless, and hence it matters but little to him what they are composed of. But any homœopath who will knowingly engage in selling adulterated medicines, simply for the profit it yields, will do almost anything else to accomplish that same object.

There is no doubt of the truth, as stated above. It is well-known that the greatest frauds are practiced in the medicine business. European manufacturers became so bold, as to ship cargoes of the vile and adulterated stuff to our shores, to be dosed out to the sick; and so aggravating did it become, that the United States Government passed laws, requiring medicine to be inspected, before permitting it to be distributed. Still, who is so verdant and green as to suppose he gets the real pure article, even when he pays full prices for the best? He cannot get it. It is not to be had; even his *pure, genuine cod liver oil* is only *whale* oil, or common fish oil. His opium is mixed with other ingredients, while the colored slops, put up in vials or "*large* quart bottles," are often simply made to sell. Beware of them.

An illustration of this subject, which ought to be quite satisfactory, is given by a correspondent, writing from the seat of war, in relation to the fall of Kars:

"In the medical department likewise peculation had left the town utterly unprovided. It was not the quantity about which one would complain, but the quality, for hundreds of cases arrived containing the most useless drugs, while all essential things were not provided. Instead of the instruments necessary for field surgery, cases containing obstetric instruments came out in quantities; cosmetics and other curious medicines, enough for the whole population of Asia Minor, formed the chief portion of the medical supplies.

"The reason of this is easily explained; the person who had the contract for this kind of supply bought as cheaply as possible all kinds of unsaleable articles in all the back shops of Pera and Galata, and charged them at a high price to the Turkish Government, giving a reasonable profit to those whose interference would have been inconvenient. The consequence is that the Turkish Government owes him at this present moment 7,000,000 piastres for the supply of medicines to the army, and this to a man who had three years ago not credit for 7,000 piastres!"

☞ "Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your cornfield!" "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn won't hurt 'em."

HENRY A. WISE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Henry A. Wise was born in Drummond Town, Accomack County, Virginia, on the 3rd of December, 1806. He was the son of Sarah and John Wise, the latter an eminent lawyer of that day, and at the date above mentioned clerk of the courts of the county; and who, prior to the year 1800, had been Speaker of the House of Delegates. We doubt if even in aristocratic Virginia, there are half a score of families that can so readily and truthfully trace their pedigree from the emigration of their ancestor to this country in the seventeenth century. On a portion of the thousand acres, still in the possession of the descendants, originally purchased from the Indians for *seven Dutch blankets*, lie the mortal remains of the deceased members of the Wise family.

The subject of our sketch was early deprived of his parents. His father died in the seventh and his mother in the eighth year of his age. His first guardian was his maternal grandfather, General Cropper. After the death of his mother, Henry was placed under the care of a widowed paternal aunt—a pious lady of strong sense, and fond of books. In his tenth year he was sent to Margaretta Academy, where he proved a wild and reckless youth, more given to boisterous sports, than to books and mental culture. He was ever ready for excitement, and from his game qualities in a physical set too, he was christened "*Hard Bargain*," by which name he was known while he continued at school.

In 1821, upon the death of his grandfather Cropper, Henry chose John Custis, senior, of Deep Creek, to be his guardian. This gentleman had married Henry's father's half-sister. He lived with him until September, 1822, when Mr. Custis sent him to Washington College, Pennsylvania. The only advice the old gentleman gave when parting from his ward was: "Henry, I put your funds at your own command—all *the time* is yours—I look for you *to be a man!*" Henry found a father in the President of the College—Andrew Wylie, D. D. As his character had now already become steady; he advanced rapidly in his studies; and after a brilliant collegiate career, graduated in October, 1825, dividing the first honors of his class with John Mitchell of Maryland. Henry went through College without an enemy, and left it in love with his first wife, Ann, daughter of the Rev. O. Jennings, D. D. On the Fourth of July, 1826, he went to Winchester, Virginia, to attend the law lectures of the late Judge Henry St. George Tucker. He remained with this gentleman for two years. In 1828, Mr. Wise obtained his law license; and, in the fall of that year, he removed to Nashville, Tennessee, where he was married, that October. He continued the practice of his profession there for two years.

Mr. Wise was brought forward for a seat in Congress in 1833, as the *Union* candidate, and in support of General Jackson, though he eschewed the President's reasons given in his famous proclamation. He was elected by 400 majority. The consequence of the personal altercations in the canvass was a duel with Mr. Coke, his competitor—which resulted in shattering the latter's right arm, and making them good friends. Since then Mr. Wise has been prominently before the country; recently being elected Governor of Virginia. He is looked upon by some as a possible candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. Mr. Wise is a man of talent, and has much boldness and force of character. Whether right or wrong, he seldom hesitates to speak just what he thinks. In this age of Time-servers, no small recommendation.

SHADOWS.

The words that trembled on your lips
Were uttered not—I know it well;
The tears that would your eyes eclipse
Were checked and smothered ere they fell;
The looks and smiles I gained from you
Were little more than others won;
And yet you are not wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

You know—at least you might have known—
That every little grace you have—
Your voice's somewhat lower tone;
Your hand's faint shake or parting wave;
Your every sympathetic look
At words that chanced your soul to touch,
While reading from some favorite book—
Were much to me; alas! how much!

You might have seen—perhaps you saw—
How all of these were steps of hope,
On which I rose, in joy and awe,
Up to my passion's lofty scope;
How, after each, a firmer tread
I planted on the slippery ground,
And higher raised my venturous head,
And ever new assurance found. —*Miner's.*

FLESH IN VEGETABLES.—All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheaten flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now when vegetable food is eaten it is to its fleshy constituents alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to *create* from its food the flesh to form its own body; all that the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by-and-bye the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood, and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetable are either consumed (burned) for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future fuel when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch and woody fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly the whole of its food can be traced to the production of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat (butter), and the flesh reappears as caseine, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass, the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to produce mutton, while the starch is converted into fat (suet.) When man eats mutton or beef, he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass, so perseveringly collected by the sheep or oxen. The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the materials at hand. Iron is offered to an engineer, and he builds a ship, makes a watch-spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants; but although he alters the form and texture of the materials under his hand, yet its composition remains the same. So, as regards flesh, although there be one "flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," yet their ultimate composition is the same; all of which can be traced to the grass of the field or a similar source. Flesh then is derived from vegetables, and not from animals, the latter being merely the collectors of it.

THE UPAS TREE.

This tree, to which was so long attached a sort of fabulous interest—killing, it was said, man, bird, and beast, that came within thirty miles of it—is of the same tribe of plants as that from which the Strychnos Nux Vomica is obtained. The fruit is about the size of a St. Michael's orange, with a bitter, astringent pulp, and containing from three to five seeds. The pulp may be eaten; the seeds, which produce one of the strongest poisons, are of a brownish gray.

A LOG-CABIN BISHOP.

The *National Magazine* relates the following interesting anecdote of Bishop Roberts:

On returning to the West, after a General Conference, he once applied at the house of a Methodist family to which he had been recommended for entertainment. He was, as usual, humble in dress, and dusty and weary. The family, taking him to be a rustic traveller, permitted him to put up and feed his horse, and take his seat in the sitting-room. Supper was over, and no one took the trouble to inquire if he had taken any on the way. The preacher of the circuit was stopping at the same house—he was young, frivolous and foppish—and spent the evening in gay conversation with the daughters of the family, alluding occasionally and contemptuously to the "old man," who sat silently in a corner. The good Bishop, after sitting a long time, with no other attention than these same allusions, respectfully requested to be shown to bed. The chamber was over the sitting-room, and, while upon his knees praying with paternal feeling for the faithless young preacher, he still heard the gay jest and rude laugh. At last the family retired without domestic worship. The young man slept in the same room with the Bishop. He lay down without prayer.

"Well, old man," said he, as he got into bed, "are you asleep yet?"

"I am not, sir," replied the Bishop.

"Where have you come from?"

"From east of the mountains."

"From east of the mountains, eh——what place?"

"Baltimore, sir."

"Baltimore, eh?—the seat of our General Conference—did you hear anything about it?—We expect Bishop Roberts to stop here on his way home."

"Yes, sir," replied the Bishop, humbly; "it ended before I left."

"Did you ever see Bishop Roberts?"

"Yes, sir, often; we left Baltimore together."

"You left Baltimore together?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name, my old friend?"

"Roberts, sir."

"Roberts! Roberts! Excuse me, sir; are you related to the Bishop?"

"They usually call me Bishop Roberts, sir."

"Bishop Roberts! Bishop Roberts! are you Bishop Roberts, sir?" said the young man, leaping out of bed, and trembling with agitation.

Embarrassed and confounded, he implored the good man's pardon, insisted upon calling up the family, and seemed willing to do anything to redeem himself. The Bishop gave him an affectionate admonition, which he promised with tears never to forget; acknowledging, at the same time, that he had backslidden in heart, and deeply lamenting his folly and his spiritual declension. The venerable and compassionate man knew the frivolity of youth; he gave him paternal advice, and prayed with him. He would not allow the family to be called, though he had eaten nothing since breakfast. The next morning, after praying again with the spirit-broken young preacher, he left before the family had risen, that he might save them a mortifying explanation.

The circumstance was a salutary lesson to the young itinerant; at the next session of the Conference he called upon the Bishop a renewed man: he wept again as he acknowledged his error, and has since become a useful and eminent minister. Bishop Roberts often alluded to the incident, but through a commendable kindness, would never tell the name of the young preacher. Other and similarly ludicrous encounters might be mentioned. Peace to the memory of the good, kind-hearted old man!

CHRISTENINGS.—They tell of Bishop Porteus that he had an utter aversion to long names, and fine names, and more than one name; that being called upon, when a parish priest, to christen a poor man's child, Thomas Timothy, he dipped his finger hastily into the basin, cut the matter and the name short, and christened the child "Tom Tit." A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place is exactly as follows:—"Say the name," said I, with my finger in the water. "Acts, sir," said she. "Acts," said I, "what do you mean?" Thinks I to myself, I will *ax* the clerk to spell it. He did, acts—so Acts was the babe, and will be while in this life, and will be doubly, trebly, so registered, if ever it marries or dies. Afterwards in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer, verbatim: "We be religious people; we've got four on 'em already, and they be call'd Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, an so my husband thought he'd compliment the apostles a bit." The idea of complimenting the apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing. I have no doubt she will go on to Revelations, they being particularly religious people.

THE MISCREANT.

Oh, Man, (and Legion is thy name,)
Who hadst for dowry with thy wife
A conduct void of outward blame,
The beauty of a loyal life,
Is nature in thee too spiritless,
Ignoble, impotent, and dead,
To prize her love and loveliness
The more for being thy daily bread?
And art thou one of that vile crew
Which see no splendor in the sun,
Praising alone the good that's new,
Or over, or not yet begun?
And has it dawned on thy dull wits
That love warms many as soft a nest,
And though swathed round with benefits,
Thou art not singularly blest;
And fall thy thanks for gifts divine,
The common food of many a heart,
Because they are not only thine?
Beware lest in the end thou art
Cast like a goat forth from the fold,
Too proud to feel the common grace
Of blissful myriads who behold
For evermore the Father's face.

—*The Betrothal.*

VEGETABLE POISONS.

BY MRS. LOUDON.

At this period, when so much attention has been directed to the subject of vegetable poisons, from the frequent deaths that have occurred, I have thought that my readers might be interested in learning which of the showy inhabitants of our English gardens are most inimical to human life. Unfortunately, there is nothing in the outward appearance of these plants to indicate their deadly nature. They are generally bright in color, and sometimes very elegant in form; and the greater part of them are common in every flower-garden. Among these last may be mentioned the Aconite, also called Wolfsbane; or Monkshood, of which there are various species, all ornamental. The common Monkshood is well known from the amusement children find in pinching the flowers, so as to make the curiously-folded petals start from beneath the hood, like two great eyes. These petals look like gigantic and crested stamens, and the hood, which is only a calyse, is generally supposed to be formed of the petals of the flower. The real stems are, however, the centre of the flower, and they surround a little group of three or five seed-vessels or follicles, which, when ripe, burst open at the top to discharge their seeds. The leaves are deeply cut, and the stem, which is tall and upright, is thickened at the bone, where it joins the root, so as to give it the appearance of celery; and persons have been poisoned by eating it in mistake for that vegetable. The part of the root which is buried in the ground is also thickened, and resembles horse-radish so much, that a party of friends dining together at Dingwall, in Scotland, were poisoned by the cook fancying it was a root of horse-radish she was scraping, when she was, in fact, offering to her master's guests a most deadly poison. There is nothing in the taste of this plant to warn the eater of it of his danger. It is slightly acrid, but not more so than many plants that are perfectly harmless. The Aconite is very nearly allied to the Larkspur, which is also poisonous, the seeds acting as a violent emetic. The Anemone is another poisonous plant, from its acidity and its emetic qualities; and the juice of its leaves will raise blisters. This is also the case with various kinds of Clematis and Ranunculus. The juice of the common Buttercup is extremely acrid, and the species with a creeping, fleshy root is a deadly poison to human beings though pheasants seem to eat it with impunity, as its tubers have been found in the crops of birds that have been shot.

The seeds of Peony will occasion symptoms resembling cholera, with violent sickness; and the juice of the Poppy is, as everybody knows, highly narcotic. Opium is prepared from the capsule, or seed-vessel, of the large White Poppy, which is cultivated for that purpose to a great extent in the East, particularly in Turkey, Persia, and some parts of India.

The capsule of the Opium Poppy is much larger and more fleshy than that of the Corn Poppy, and this fleshy substance is full of a milky juice, which hardens by exposure in the air into the kind of gum which we call opium. In countries where opium is cultivated as an article of commerce, the Poppies are grown in large fields, and planted in rows to enable the people to reach their heads easily. When the petals of the flowers have fallen, and while the Poppy-heads are yet green and full of juice, the cultivators of opium wound the capsules with a kind of lancet having two blades, so that two cuts are made with each stroke. The milky juice which exudes hardens in the course of the night, and is scraped off the next morning with a blunt knife, before the sun has had time to melt it. It is afterwards kneaded into cakes, and packed in leaves for sale. Laudanum is opium steeped in spirits of wine; and paregoric is laudanum with aniseed and camphor added to it; morphine is the sedative part of opium separated from its intoxicating quality. In England all Poppies are more or less narcotic, and of course poisonous; but the milky juice is not secreted in sufficient quantities to render it worth while to cultivate the Poppies for their opium.

Nearly all the umbelliferous plants are poisonous in a wild state. Even Celery is only rendered wholesome by cultivation. Wild Chervil is also poisonous, but the cultivated kind is eaten in salads. Of all the umbelliferous plants, Water Hemlock, or Cowbane, is, perhaps, the most deadly. It grows in marshy land in several places in the neighborhood of London; and, as it has no bad smell, it is sometimes eaten by cows, who die immediately. Children are also frequently poisoned by chewing it. It is an acrid poison, and destroys life by burning the coats of the stomach. Fool's Parsley is very dangerous, as it often comes up in gardens with the other parsley—and when both are quite young, it is not easy to tell the difference between them. When in flower, it is distinguished by two long beards hanging from each flower, while the common parsley has none. But even when not in flower, the two kinds may be distinguished by the leaves of the Fool's Parsley being of a darker and bluer green, and having a smell of garlic. Hemlock is also often mistaken for parsley.

Water Parsnip is sometimes mistaken for Skirret, the tubers of which are often eaten in Scotland under the name of Crummock. The Water Parsnip, however, may be known by its always growing in water, which the Skirret does not. The Water Dropwort is still more dangerous from its strong resemblance to Celery; and this last plant is so poisonous that many persons feel giddy only from smelling it.—*London Newspaper.*

BAD NEWS FOR THE BUTCHERS.—An article recent date in the London Medical Times, sh that the highest rates of mortality are fo among the butchers, as is shown by official tistics, and confirmed by careful observatio The florid complexion, which is peculiar to butcher, does not seem to indicate endur health.

THE FILLIBUSTERO.

An Episode of the Capture of Granada, C. A.

BY EDWARD HENDIBOE.

On the lake the sun was setting, in a canopy of gold,
Making brilliant all the landscape, mountain, strand and ruins old;
Shimmering downward on the valley, and its wealth of fruits and leaves,
Where a thousand perfumed flowers with the *forest* interweaves;
Brightly gleamed the orange blossoms 'round the rent and siege-stained wall,
Over which our banner floating marked the city's recent fall—
While in the shade, beneath a cross, a dying comrade lay,
Midst a heap of reeking bodies, reft of life that bloody day.

"I am dying, *compañero*, far away from home and friends,
Whose memory, to this moment, many a pang of sorrow lends;
I am thinking of a mother whose meek soul was bound in mine,
And a father, as in childhood I oft clambered on his knee—
And the ivy-covered homestead, 'mid those green New England vales
Where labor is made holy by the freedom which prevails:
Ah, the while my heart is wandering o'er the track of misspent years,
Do not scorn this show of feeling, nor unmanly deem these tears.

"I have wandered o'er the ocean and in many a distant land,
Since the day I kissed a parting on my mother's trembling hand—
Since the day my dark-eyed Lucie wept a sorrowful adieu,
And I promised by that sad troth-plight to be forever true.
On the broad Brazilian pampas, in the California mines,
And those fruitful Mexic valleys where the sun for ever shines—
On the plain and in the mountain, camping by the rushing streams,
Those loved forms were ever with me—ever present in my dreams.

"Bear my latest blessing to them, telling how the wild one died,
How he bore himself in battle, with the foremost side by side.
They will not scorn the details of thy story simply told—
Ah, more precious to my mother than a legacy of gold!
But when you seek out Lucie, be your voice a soldier's, boy,
Here is a noble nature, strong in anguish as in joy:
Tell her of all—the battle—how you found me—how we part,
Her name the latest on my lips—the last within my heart!"

When I left him, sleeping calmly, with his comrades all at rest—
One hand yet clasped his rifle, while the other smote his breast;
Mournfully I turned to leave him, wondering at the course of fate,
Which should spare one life so worthless, such a satory to create:
While above, the moon was rising, and her silvery sheen
Was cast
On that scene of death and ruin, where the soldier breathed his last;
Brightly gleamed the cross above him, darkly frowned the ruins gray,
And I heard the distant trumpet mingle with the *reveille*.

—*N. Y. Sunday Courier.*

HOW PASKIEWITSCH BECAME GREAT.

The French *Journal Du Loiret* contains an anecdote which possesses a certain interest. It relates to Prince Paskiewitsch, who is just dead, and to a pensioner of his in Paris, an old woman living in the Faubourg Montmartre, to whom he paid a sum of 200 roubles a year, the cause of which pension was as follows:—In the year 1815, the Allied Sovereigns were present on the Place de la Concorde at a religious ceremony, performed in the way of thanksgiving for the success of their arms. Round the temporary altar was raised a platform, upon which were crowded between 40,000 and 50,000 Russians in uniform (says the journal I quote from;) the Allied Sovereigns, the Czar Alexander in the middle, occupied the stone balcony of the Hotel of the Minister of Marine. At the topmost step of the platform above mentioned, stood Major General Paskiewitsch, who amused himself with examining the assembled crowd through an opera-glass. All at once his eye fell upon a young woman, who was evidently striving, might and main, to penetrate into the arena of reserved places; and recognising in her the handsome Adele P———, then an actress of the Varietes, he despatched an aide-de-camp to facilitate her progress, and then descended the platform himself to assist in placing her. When she was placed, Paskiewitsch prepared to regain his place at the top, but had no sooner tried to remount the steps than the upper part of the platform, overloaded with human beings, gave way, and a very large number of persons, but especially officers, were killed and severely wounded. Paskiewitsch immediately said that fate had taken the shape of Mademoiselle Adele P———, and had preserved him from a violent death. That same evening he paid the young actress a visit, and begged her to accept a magnificent diamond as a mark of his gratitude. It is singular that, not only did this young girl in an indirect way influence Paskiewitsch's personal safety, but she was indirectly the cause of his fortune. Alexander, then under the rule of the famous Madame Krudener, heard the story, and was convinced that a man so manifestly lucky as this must be brought about himself, and employed in the service of the empire; accordingly he conferred an important command upon him at once, and from that hour his career went on more brilliantly every day; and your readers may, perhaps, recollect the speech made to him by Nicholas, when, early in the present war, the Czar said he was anxious for his services: "I do not want your talent" (I do not believe he ever had any;) "I want your luck." It seems that while the Russian officer marched from dignity to dignity, and from distinction to distinction, poor Adele P——— went slowly down hill; and at last in the year 1831, just at the moment when Paskiewitsch had been named Prince of Warsaw, she was compelled to leave the stage, and fell into oblivion, and then into positive distress. She bethought her then of the general who, in 1815, had told her she was his "luck," and, as a last resource, wrote to Prince Paskiewitsch, telling him of her actual state. In answer from St. Petersburg, she received 100 roubles, and a letter informing her she should every six months receive the same sum. The promise was strictly kept; and upon her £34 or £35 per annum she lived for many years, having only died eight or nine months since.

RELIGION AMONG THE CHINESE.—Religion would appear to be at a low ebb among the Chinese. The priest sits down in front of an altar, with a small taper burning, and with a small mallet in one hand, and a string of beads in the other, he begins to hum, or half sing, a number of words. This appears to be all the worship they have, and their belief is that the priest can and must do all the praying. In this latter particular, the Chinese are not alone; there is a large class of religionists in our own country, who look to the ministers to do all the praying.

MILITARY FANS.

Colonel Tevis, late a staff officer in the Turkish service, and a pupil of the military college of the United States, has endeavored to remove the military ignorance of the non-professional world. Speaking from long and useful experience, at Kars and elsewhere, the colonel has contrived to make the movements of an army intelligible to the non-military reader. Colonel Tevis has told the world how armies are protected from sudden assaults on the march; how the baggage is guarded; how way-worn warriors are left to rest peacefully with their martial cloaks around them.

It is the business of an army in the field to keep the enemy as ignorant as possible of its position, its strength, and its destination; therefore it surrounds itself with a web as dangerous to hostile adventurers as the spider's web is to the fly. On all sides, scouts scour the country in quest of the foe; and, when they discover him, pass the word back till it reaches head-quarters. Cavalry gallop round the woods; fantassins climb the ridges in pairs, and look carefully about long before the first column of the main army approaches. Then, should the enemy suddenly appear to these scouts in force, they fall slowly back, warning the advanced guard. The army is yet some way behind, and will have ample time to prepare for a meeting while the advanced guard holds the enemy in check. The advanced guard is generally composed of troops of all arms, and varies in strength from one-third to one-fifth of the main army, according to the ground over which its advanced posts extend along the front and flanks; according, also, to the resistance it is needful to offer to the enemy. In a country the surface of which demands numerous advanced posts and in which the advanced guard is compelled to put out half its strength in the posts, the strength of this body is generally increased; but in a small army of two or three thousand men, no more than one-fifth of its entire strength can be detached as an advanced guard. The great business of this advanced force, besides protecting the army from sudden attack, is to prevent the enemy from reconnoitering. This latter service may make it necessary for the guard to act on the offensive, in order to mislead the enemy as to the strength of the army opposed to him: but its usual attitude is the defensive. Even here, when the outposts are attacked, they should fall back as slowly as possible, upon the main body of the advanced guard—the guard also retiring slowly, in order to give the main body full time to prepare to strike the decisive blow. It is most important that the advanced guard should take up its position along a line of ground from which it can observe the enemy's movements, and prevent the enemy from observing those of the army it protects. In adopting this line, it is also necessary to keep the outposts so near together that they will be capable of offering a vigorous resistance to an attack from any quarter; and to retire upon the main body in good order. Composed of the light troops of an army, the advanced guard should be its right hand; always on the alert; never in a wrong position. It should keep the enemy in a state of constant alarm, forcing him to take all kinds of inconvenient precautions to protect his flank and rear. This service, under the command of an energetic General, is the safeguard of an army; allowing soldiers to rest in the field, within a short distance of the enemy, as securely and freely as in barracks. But men on out-post duty have no easy time of it. To destroy them all kinds of subtle plots are laid; they may never take forty winks of sleep; for they may be picked off at any moment from behind the nearest bush. They are military policemen for the time being; protecting those encamped far away behind them. There lies the army under the white tents upon which the moon shines coldly! behind a fan of outer posts, bristling with bayonets. Behind this fan [the popular form for the outposts] the army lies as securely as the lady listens to love behind hers, protected by it from the dragon eyes of her maiden aunt. To pass the edge of this military fan is a dangerous service.—We remember how the forlorn hope of the French army passed the Russian outposts in the dead of night, crawling upon their stomachs; how some Zouaves braved Russian bullets to secure a bunch of radishes from a Sebastopol garden. When we consider the system on which these military fans are made, we shall understand the extent of the danger.

The outer edge of the fan, behind which the army lies in security, consists of a number of outposts. The further these outposts can be removed from the divisions which they protect, the better. These posts are established at short distances one from the other, upon commanding ground, whence the enemy may be satisfactorily observed, and with facilities for communicating with one another. The great object, of course, is to render the passage of the enemy beyond the line impossible. Thus behind the posts are stationed, upon the main roads leading to the camp, strong pickets destined to come to the aid of the outposts in the event of a sortie, or to protect the outposts when they are compelled to fall back before an overpowering force. Another point which the general of the advanced guard has to consider in the arrangement of his outposts is, the prevention of reconnoitering expeditions on the part of the enemy. To see the enemy's position and force, and to keep him in ignorance of the extent and plans of the army which is before him, are the most important duties of the advanced guard.

An army generally encamps in a position where the ground protects its flanks, and where the vigilance of a slight force of light cavalry and light infantry, kept in constant intercommunication by mounted patrols, prevents surprise. The outposts are always, or nearly always, in view of the pickets, or grand-gardes, by which they are supported, and the sentinels within view of the outposts to which they belong. When this arrangement is rendered impossible by the nature of the ground, videttes are posted between the outposts and their supports, to keep them in constant communication. It is laid down as a rule, that outposts of infantry should not be more than six hundred paces from each other, nor more than three hundred from their sentinels; while outposts of cavalry may be fifteen hundred paces from one another, and six hundred from their videttes. Each post should be four times as numerous as the number of videttes or sentinels that it furnishes. The grand-gardes—posted along the main avenues leading to the camp, the business of which is to support the outposts—have generally double the strength of the outposts, and are placed about two hundred paces behind foot sentinels, and six hundred paces behind mounted sentinels. Behind the grand-gardes are pickets still more numerous; whose business, in case of a serious attack, is to oppose a sturdy opposition to the advance of the enemy. They are generally ported in good positions for defence, as in villages, defiles, and other places offering cover. If the ground be flat, they entrench themselves. They send out sentinels or scouts, who keep them in constant communication with the outposts. These pickets, when required to offer a vigorous resistance to the enemy, consist of two or three hundred soldiers of various arms. Generally the grand-gardes and outposts in advance of each picket muster altogether a third of the force of the picket. Artillery is rarely employed in these advanced positions except to command an important defile or passage; it is then strongly guarded. Behind the pickets massed upon the central ground, with the artillery, is the bulk of the advanced guard, ready to carry help to any point where it may be needed. Great care is taken to acquaint the commanding officer of each picket with the exact whereabout of the force upon which he is to retire for support in case of attack, and with the roads conducting to it. Upon the exactness of these instructions the safety of the army may depend; inasmuch as a mistake by a picket, in its retreat, might lay the whole army open to a sudden onslaught. The importance of confiding the points of the military fan to vigilant officers—of giving them a faithful map of the country, good glasses, and ready writing materials—the importance of details like these, in the government of an army in the field, seldom strikes us, civilians, as we easily read over the accounts of army movements in the columns of our morning paper. Yet the duties of the man who commands an outpost are grave and onerous in the highest degree. He must be brave as a lion, crafty as a cat. When he perceives that the enemy is not in his immediate neighborhood, he must send out scouts in all directions, till he discovers the points to which he has retired. Every sound he hears must be noted; every countryman he meets must be questioned; the rise of every cloud of dust must be chronicled, to estimate the movements or intentions of the foe. His conjectures and his observations must be clearly given to the officer of the grand-garde immediately in his rear. Again, he is responsible that all communications with the enemy shall be impossible along the line of his sentinels. No bearer of a flag of truce should pass his line of posts before he has received an order to this effect from his superior officer. He must take care that all his men do not eat their meals at the same time; that they lie down in rotation, and that the horses of the mounted patrols go to drink two or three at a time only. As soon as night closes in, his responsibilities double. Half of his men remain under arms all night; the rest sit, having their arms and saddles at their side. Colonel Tevis insists that these poor fellows should never be allowed to occupy a house; since, enclosed within four walls, they neither hear nor see all that is going on around them. If the time be winter, and a fire be indispensable, only half of the outpost should be allowed to approach it at once, the other half of the force being stationed at a distance ready to receive the enemy. As the night wears through, in the performance of these exciting duties, while, far away behind, the divisions sleep securely, the grand-gardes prepare to relieve the outposts. With the first break of day, fresh soldiers approach their tired brethren of the outposts to relieve them—this time being sagaciously chosen by prudent generals, because it is the time most favorable to the enemy for an attack. Thus, in the event of a skirmish, the outposts are doubly strong at the most perilous moment, the relieving and the relieved soldiers being together. Should the advance of the enemy appear general, the officer commanding an outpost collects his sentinels, and opposes the advance sufficiently to give the grand-gardes time to receive the advanced pickets of the enemy, and to keep up a harassing fire upon them. As the pickets retire upon the main body, opposing the enemy and slackening his advance at every turn, they make for its flanks, in order to leave its front clear for any movements which the commander may consider advisable. It is, however, a rule that the pickets should never retire before their scouts and outposts have joined them.

In this way, is the fan of an army regulated. Upon its proper construction, as the reader will have already observed, depends the safety of an army, very often. And thus responsibility descends from the field marshal to the captain, spying through a night-glass over a gloomy landscape to catch reflections of the enemy's bivouac fires—the dust of his horses' hoofs, or the glitter of his steel, under the pallid rays of the moon. Let the captain doze over his work; let the sentinel get drowsy before the icy wind; and the enemy may suddenly cleave his way to the heart of the camp, or a spy may go safely through the lines. To any perceptible movement in the solemn gloom, the sentinel answers with a bullet.

☞ It not unfrequently happens that a clever man in paying court to a woman, has done no more than make her think of love, and predispose her heart. She encourages this clever man, who gives her this pleasure. He conceives hopes. One fine day this woman meets the man who makes her feel what the other has described.

A MANCHESTER OMNIBUS.

The above is an illustration of one of the three-horse Omnibuses which are used in Manchester, England. Among them, however, are several variations: that which we have engraved carries seventeen passengers inside and twenty-five outside—two on each side the driver, five on the seat behind, and eight on each side-seat. The raised part in the roof serves as a back to the seats on the sides, and allows space inside for a good-sized man to walk up the centre of the omnibus. There is no door; the conductor communicates with the driver by means of a bell placed under the seat of the latter. The driver can put the breaks on the wheels to facilitate the sudden stopping, by a treadle on the foot-board.—The driver and conductor do not wear any uniform. Forty-two passengers seems to us a pretty good load for three horses.

ON A FADED VIOLET.

BY ALDRICH.

What thought is folded in thy leaves?
What tender thought, what speechless pain?
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Though scent and azure tint are fled!
Oh dry, mute lips! ye are the types
Of something in me, cold and dead!

Of something vanished like thy hues,
Of fancy flown, of beauty dim:
Yet for the love of those white hands
That found thee by a river's brim,—

That found thee when thy sunny mouth
Was purpled as with drinking wine—
For love of her who love forgot,
I hold thy faded lips to mine!

That thou should'st live when I am dead,
When hate is dead, for me, and wrong—
For this, I use my subtlest art,
For this, I hold thee in my song.

—*Home Journal.*

ANCIENT PERU.—Of modern travellers who have published accounts of Peru, few have attended to the antiquities of the country, and, except in some recent American volumes, no descriptions are found at Cuzco, the once splendid city of the Incas. Until within the last few years it was almost forgotten that in South America there had been a mighty empire, lasting for five centuries in a state of civilization, at least as high as any in the old world at the time, and even at its close superior in all but military art and power to the fierce invaders before whom it fell:—Manco Capac, who founded Cuzco, about the year A. D., 1000, was the progenitor of an illustrious line of potentates, unconquered warriors, the patrons of architecture and of poetry. Among them, we have Inca Rocca, the founder of schools, whose Cyclopean palace still remains—a monument of bygone greatness; Viracocha, the Inca with florid complexion and flaxen locks, whose massive citadel still frowns from the Sacsahuaman hill; Pachacutec, the Solomon of the New World, whose sayings are recorded by the pious care of Garcilasso; Yupanqui, who performed a march across the Chilian Andes, which throws the achievements of Hannibal, Napoleon, and Macdonald into the shade; Huayna Capac, the most chivalrous and powerful of the Incas, whose dominion extended from the equator to the southern confines of Chile, from the Pacific to the banks of the Paraguay; and lastly, the brave young Manco—worthy namesake of his great ancestor, who held out in a long and unequal struggle against the Spanish invaders, and whose talent and valor astonished even the soldiers of Gonsalvo de Cordova. But he was defeated; the sun of Peruvian fortune, which for a few years had lingered on the horizon, sank in a sea of blood, and the ill-fated Indians fell under the grinding yoke of the pitiless Goths." Tupac Amaru, "the last of the Incas," was slain in 1761, and with him ended the glorious dynasty that had ruled over Peru for five hundred years.

A REMARKABLE EXECUTIONER.—We have observed several wonderful stories of late, respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner, who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon one occasion it happened that a criminal, who was condemned to death, had a singular itching to play at ninepins; and he implored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The Judge, thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer; and upon arriving at the place of execution, he found everything prepared for the game—the pins being set up and the bowls all ready.

He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After a while the Sheriff, observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing upon his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had grasped, and seizing it firmly, rolled it at the pins. All of them fell—and the head was heard to exclaim as it rebounded from the farther wall, "Hurrah! I've won the game!"—*Portfolio.*

COULDN'T BE COUNTERED.—Judge Lumpkin, of Georgia, recently related the following anecdote to illustrate the resort of some men when hard pushed in an argument. An old Baptist preacher, so straight a Calvinist that he leaned over backward, was defending his doctrines against a man as ignorant as he was obstinate, at length the preacher said to his opponent: "Now, look here, my friend, don't you believe what *is to be, will be?*" "No, I don't at all. I believe what *is to be, won't be!*" And there was an end of the argument.

"NICE GIRLS."

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

To my mind there is nothing in all the world half so beautiful, half so delightful, or half so loveable as a "nice girl." I don't mean a pretty girl, or a dashing girl, or an elegant girl, but a "nice girl;" one of those lively, good-tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures, whom we meet in the sphere of "Home," diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a "nice girl" is not the languishing beauty, who dawdles on a sofa and talks of the last new novel, or the last new opera; or the great giraffe-looking girl, who creates an effect by sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The "nice girl" does not even dance well, or play well, and she does not know a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active for that; she is not given to novel-reading, for she is always too busy. And as to the opera, when she goes there she does not think it necessary to show her bare shoulders; but sits generally away in the back of the box, unheeded and unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that we discover the "nice girl." It is at "Home." Who is it that rises first in the morning and gets the breakfast ready before the family comes down? Who is it that makes papa's toast, and carries up mamma's tea, and puts buttons on the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and makes everything bright and comfortable in the parlor? Is it the sofa beauty, or the giraffe, or the elegant creature? By no means. It is the "nice girl." Her unaided toilet has been performed in the shortest possible space of time; yet how charmingly her hair is done! how simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white collar! What hearty kisses she distributes, unasked, among the members of the family. She does not present her cheek or her brow, like the "fine girl," but takes the initiative herself and kisses the boys, one after the other, with an audible "smack," which says aloud, "I love you, ever so much." If ever I coveted anything in my life, it is one of those kisses from that "nice girl." She is quite at home in all the domestic duties. She troubles no one to "help the kettle." She has fetched it from the hob, and replenished the teapot, while some one has been thinking about offering his assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives down into the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is running up and down stairs, always doing, and always cheerful and light-hearted. And she never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father for hours together, and never tire. She is a perfect treasure, is the "nice girl." When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no amount of fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl," is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never know a "nice girl" yet, who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a "nice girl" with curls, but this may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that "coaxers," or "c.c.'s"—those funny little curls which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline—are totally inconsistent with the character of a "nice girl." And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a "nice girl" were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed to allow to my *beau ideal*—or, should it be in this case, *belle ideal?*—is kid boots with brass holes. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which, I believe, the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot, and a well-shaped ankle, in conjunction with a clean, white petticoat, and a tight stocking, will nearly make amends for a squint. Young men, is it not so? yes, you confess it. Women, old enough to be your grandmothers, have piloted you from Pall Mall to Pimlico by the sheer force of a neat foot. Such is the influence of tidy ankles. This, however by the way.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

Under every condition, every aspect, I admire—nay, that is too cold a word—I love the "nice girl!" Under every condition, every aspect, save one—that one is the condition of matrimony. When I hear that one of the "nice girls" of my acquaintance is about to be married—about to be monopolized by some jealous beast with whiskers, and an ugly sister who is to be bridesmaid, I come over faint and sick at heart. Where "nice girls" dwell it should be written up, as on gates of choice gardens, "Do not pick the flowers." Oh, it is horrid, horrid, to see that spruce gentleman come in and take her away into a corner for the rest of the evening. I may not waltz with her now; I may not catch her at blind-man's buff; I may not sit by her and turn over the leaves as she sings "Auld Robin Gray," even though it were Christmas time; I may not any more kiss her under the mistletoe; I may not even look at her! There is that horrid, spruce man with whiskers glowering at me as if he would eat me. I sigh as the remembrance comes over me of the many "nice girls" who have thus been torn, ruthlessly torn, from me by spruce, and, I am sure, stupid men in whiskers. Why, why are there such things as spruce men with whiskers? I am sure we should get on much better without them.

You may wonder why, since I am such an admirer of "nice girls," I have never made one my own—why, in fact, I have never married one. I have loved, admired, and adored them too much for that. I could no more marry a "nice girl" than I could willfully trample down a bed of flowers. I have all my life considered it, and still do consider it, a crime, little short of sacrilege, to marry a "nice girl." Who but a savage would deface a beautiful piece of sculpture? Who but a wretch would stand with his back to the fire and monopolize all the heat? To the man who attempts to marry a "nice girl," I say, as Diogenes said to Alexander, "Get out of my sun."

No: let the "nice girl" alone. Let her be the life and sunshine of "Home" forever. Let as many hearts pine away and die for her as will; I am ready to pine and die with the rest. But, oh, change not Miss into Mrs! rob her not of her girlishness and simplicity; pollute not the gushing fountain of her love, which flows for all, and falls like dew upon the world. Let her be a "nice girl" for such as she never grow old, or lose the power to charm. If you must marry, marry the beauty—the flirt—the clever girl—the dashing girl—any kind of girl you like, but leave me, oh, leave me the "nice girl." For her sake, I will live a bachelor to the end of my days; and when I die, I desire nothing better than to have such a one to watch over me and close my eyes.

THE SKY.—It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not

Too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food;

it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust.—*Ruskin.*

A "ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE."—By the death of the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Edmund Lyons becomes father of the present Premier Duchess of England. The "Romance of the Peerage" has few prettier chapters than this. The young Earl of Arundel and Surrey was travelling in Greece, when he was attacked by fever, and his life was despaired of. He was removed to the house of the British Minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, at Athens, when a "ministering angel," in the person of Sir Edmund's fair daughter, became his nurse, and, by her devoted attentions, was believed to have saved the life of the young heir of the oldest ducal house in England, at the hazard of her own. The gratitude of the young Earl to his fair preserver took the usual shape: but, as soon as Sir Edmund Lyons found reason to suspect what was going on, he wrote to the Earl's father, informing him of his son's convalescence, and begging that he might be removed, since he knew that his daughter had no pretensions to mate with such illustrious lineage. Sir Edmund's letter displayed so much honorable feeling, and the young man's attachment seemed so insurmountable, that the consent of the parents was obtained. They were married, and "they lived happily ever after," as the story books say.

NOT KNOWN BEFORE MARRIAGE.—A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware, until he has placed her in his own mansion, to be the guardian angel of his household happiness? If defects be brought to view by close inspection, so may the nobler and finer characteristics lie comparatively unknown till tested and expanded by the touchstone of family society. Most of us have met with persons who, though very agreeable as mere acquaintances, we should not wish to single out as our daily associates at home. But we may have also lived with others, one-tenth part of whose worth we have never estimated until brought into daily communication with them, and under the same roof.—*Savory.*

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seeming unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

Life in Paris.

GRAND REJOICINGS AT THE TUILERIES—A BIRTH-DAY ODE—THE NEW LOUVRE—CARROTS IN HONOR—A RIVAL TO CAOUT-CHOUC—OLD STARS AND NEW.

PARIS, March 17, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The great event, which no doubt looks not quite so important when viewed from your side of the world, but to which the Court and the partisans of the present order of things have been looking forward with the most jubilant expectations, took place yesterday morning, at the Tuileries, at a quarter past three.

Thanks to the obstinate refusal of the Empress's physicians to allow their patient to profit by the most brilliant triumph of modern science, the poor little woman was compelled to endure, for nearly twenty-four hours, the atrocious suffering with which the artificial life of "civilization," with its incessant sins of omission and of commission has surrounded the highest and most important of the physical functions of the human economy. Happily, however, for all concerned, the affair came to a safe ending at last; and both mother and child are reported as "doing well."

A salute of 101 guns was fired from the Hotel des Invalides to announce the news; a *Te Deum* was performed in all the churches of Paris, the streets were decked out with flags, and a brilliant illumination took place last evening.

All the functionaries of the Government, and the great bodies of the State, being duly notified of the approach of the crisis, assembled in their usual places of meeting, to await the news of the birth of the heir. At a message from the Emperor, requesting them not to sit up any longer, they all adjourned to their respective dwellings, between one and two o'clock in the morning; re-assembling a few hours afterwards, to receive the announcement of the birth of a "Prince."

The preliminary baptism of the child took place yesterday morning, with great pomp, as laid down in the Programme spoken of in my last.—The little creature, scarcely five hours old, receiving the names of Napoleon, Eugene, Louis, after his parents, and of Jean, Joseph, after the Pope and Queen of Sweden, now officially announced as its sponsors.

The *Moniteur* this morning is full of announcements respecting the great event; and contains an Ode addressed to the Imperial baby by Theophile Gautier, the brilliant *feuilletoniste*, in which the poet represents the statue of the hero of Austerlitz, as starting to life on his bronze pedestal at the sound of the cannon and rejoicing that proclaim the birth of the heir of his name and glory, "a little, fair-headed Jesus," carrying in his little hand, as the blue globe of Imperial sovereignty, the peace of the world, and the happiness of the human race, and lying in a rosewood manger with azure curtains; invokes "a perpetual happiness" to accompany the future life of "The Imperial child, now sleeping, white as the jessamines of Spain, fair as golden bees," predicts all manner of glories for the "Future Cæsar," and admonishes him to "look abroad, and see the vast benefits conferred on France by his sire, to behold the triumphant flight of her eagles—the prosperity of her manufactures, the internal peace she is enjoying, the splendors of the Louvre and the other national monuments, which have remained so long unfinished, but are now completed by him; to seek, amidst the innumerable suns that fill the sombre spaces of Immensity, the Imperial star of his race, and to guide his barque by its beams." From which samples your readers may judge of the style of flattery in which this effusion, written with all the brilliance of imagery, warmth of coloring, and felicitousness of expression for which this writer is so famous, is conceived.

Their Majesties are to be the godfather and godmother of "all the legitimate children born in France on the 16th of March, 1856," and the Emperor in honor of the event, gives a sum of $12,000 to be equally distributed among the six societies for the relief of indigent Dramatic Authors, Literary men, Players, Musicians, Artists, and Inventors respectively.

The Municipality of Paris, to testify its joy on the "happy occasion," also sets apart a sum of $40,000, to be distributed among "the indigent mothers" of the capital, and in redeeming articles pawned by the needy poor to meet some pressing emergency.

To-morrow a grand reception will be held at the Tuileries, when all the great people will flock thither to offer felicitations to the Emperor; and at two o'clock all the theatres in Paris will be opened gratis.

Frequent allusion has been made in these letters to the building going on here on so extensive a scale.

Some idea of the magnificence of the new buildings of the Louvre to which the courtly poet alludes in his ode, and which are now so rapidly approaching their termination, may be formed from the fact that there have already been employed in their construction, during the year 1855, upon an area of 304,000 cubic feet previously cleared and levelled, 14,000 cubic feet of artificial stone, 184,000 ditto granite, free-stone, and hewn-stone, 4,375,000 ditto of brick-work, 38,000 ditto wood-work, 182,000 superficial feet of brick-flooring, 14,000 ditto plastering, 51,000 ditto carpenter's-work, 291,000 ditto oil-painting, 12,200 ditto window-glass, 10,450 ditto granite pavement, 127,000 ditto asphalte pavement, 28,000 ditto zinc and slate roofing, 675,000 pounds sheet-lead, 700,000 pounds ornamental lead-work, 8,578,000 pounds of iron for floors and roofing, 329,000 pounds cast-iron, and 26,000 pounds bronze for chandeliers.

On the parapets of the roof are 63 beautiful allegorical groups of children representing Science, Industry, Art, Commerce, &c.; 60 statues of eminent Frenchmen of all ages, somewhat larger than life, are placed above the colonnades of the ground-floor. The various pavilions, doorways, &c., are all richly ornamented with historical and allegorical groups, and in many parts of the building the entire surface of the walls is covered with the richest and most elaborate carvings. One hundred and fifty-five of the most eminent artists of the day have contributed 261 pieces of sculpture, more or less important; and have received the sum of $329,000 for the same. A host of artists of lesser note have been employed on the decorations of detail, and have been remunerated with proportionate liberality by the Government. The ornamentation of the interior of the building is not yet begun: but will be carried out on the same scale of magnificence. The total expense of this construction, unequalled in modern days, will be about $10,000,000. The noble Courts formed by the different portions of the building are already opened to the public; and crowds of lookers-on assemble in them daily, admiring or criticising as the work goes on. Some faults may undoubtedly be objected to certain of the combinations adopted; but, on the whole, it cannot be denied that the effect is most imposing and magnificent.

Another very important erection now going rapidly forward, is the great Central Market-Hall which is being built on the site of the old *Halles*, in the front of the noble old church of St. Eustache; the "Louvre of the People," as it has been styled.

This new market will be divided into two sections; one of which, comprising an area of 25,000 superficial yards, will contain six pavilions connected by covered streets; while the other, separated from it by a road 120 feet in width, comprises an area of 12,500 yards, and will contain four pavilions. The superficial extent of the market will thus be somewhat over 37,000 yards; and with the addition of the large streets and open areas that will surround it, will give an extent of some 74,000 square yards.

Four of the six pavilions of the principal section now in course of construction, are 68 feet long by 53 feet wide; they are intended for the sale of game, poultry, butter, cheese, eggs, vegetables, fruit and flowers. The other two, 68 feet in length and in width will serve, the one for the wholesale and retail sale of fish, the other for the wholesale trade in butter, cheese and eggs.

The other section will contain four pavilions, also connected by covered streets. They will be reserved for the wholesale trade in meat, sausages, hams, &c., and in vegetables.

The interior arrangements have been planned with great care and ingenuity; and will offer great conveniences both to buyers and sellers. The stalls are disposed in straight lines, on opposite sides of the passage-ways, which are wide and well paved, and at the ends of these passages are the large and lofty entrance-gates of the pavilions by which the public will enter from the neighboring streets.

Innumerable ventilators and skylights of ground glass, will give an abundant supply of air and light to all the buildings; the stalls will each be provided with a marble slab, and the various articles of consumption will occupy each their own portion of the market.

Underneath the whole is a vast cellar-story, supported on iron pillars and arches, levelled, drained, and strongly walled, and arched with artificial stone and brick. This story will be lighted from above by means of pavements of ground glass, and will also be thoroughly ventilated. The floor is composed of asphalte over a thick layer of brick-work. Communicating with the ground-floor of the market by four vast, stone staircases, this cellar will serve as a store-house for the market dealers.

This subterranean story, the most curious part of the edifice, is also the costliest. Foundations of ancient buildings, old wells, sinks, springs, &c., have given the engineers a good deal of trouble, and necessitated a large outlay of funds and labor. But all these obstacles have been surmounted, and this great, vaulted cellar-region, unique in its way, is now entirely completed. In making these extensive excavations 260,000 cubic feet of earth were dug up and removed, and in the space thus obtained have since been employed 65,000 cubic feet of artificial stone, 4,000,000 bricks, and 800 tons of cast iron. Subterranean streets, ready to receive the rails for a triple line of railway, traverse it in every direction, and will communicate with the subterranean railway which is about to be laid down from the Strasburg Railway-Station, under the new Boulevard de Sebastopol.

M. Payen, the celebrated chemist, in one of his lectures on "Chemistry, as applied to Manufactures," which he is now delivering at the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, gives the following very simple method of rendering any species of tissue water-proof, without the assistance of caoutchouc or gutta percha. Dissolve two pounds and a half of alum in four gallons of water; dissolve also, in a separate vessel, the same weight of acetate of lead in the same quantity of water. When both are thoroughly dissolved mix the solutions together, and when the sulphate of lead resulting from this mixture has been precipitated to the bottom of the vessel under the form of a powder, pour off the solution, and plunge into it the tissue to be rendered water-proof. Wash and rub it well during a few minutes, and hang it in the air to dry. Twenty thousand tunics, added M. Payen, are now being prepared in this manner for the French army by order of the Government.

Rachel is here, in wretched health, but slowly recovering from the effects of her unlucky wanderings; she will resume her theatrical career in the scene of her former triumphs as soon as her health permits.

Madame Ristori is confirming her brilliant triumph of last year, and is about to come out in two new parts, that of *Rosamunda*, in Schiller's play, and of *Francesca*, in a drama by M. Ernest Legonne, [whose reception at the French Academy was noticed in a recent letter] which has been translated for her into Italian. QUANTUM.

THE BABY LINEN.

[From a previous letter of our correspondent's, a portion of which was anticipated, we take the following as of interest to our lady readers:—]

The exhibition of the Empress's baby linen began on Saturday, and was continued through the two following days, during which period it was visited by crowds.

Having taken the precaution, as stated in my last, and for the edification of your lady readers, of inscribing my name on the books of "Mademoiselle Felicie, *Lingere* to her Majesty, the Empress of the French," I received, on Friday, an immense square envelope, sealed with a flourishing Fin lavender-colored wax, and containing a lithographed letter of invitation from Mlle. Felicie to the show; the said letter being headed with the Imperial arms, and finished off with such strong assurances of the "very distinguished" nature of the "sentiments" with which the recipient of the letter was regarded by its sender, that I hardly know how I should have borne up under a testimonial so overwhelming, had it not been for the recollection that the same flattering assurances had been addressed to many thousands besides myself.

Putting aside, therefore, all thought of the poetic amplifications of the letter, and intent only upon availing myself of its prosaic purport, I wended my way next day to the abode of the Imperial linen-dealer.

Mlle. Felicie occupies the ground-floor of one of the great houses of the Rue Vivienne, built, like most Paris houses, in the form of a hollow square, with a large court in the centre. At the bottom of this court is Mlle. Felicie's apartment, facing you as you enter it from the street. In honor of the occasion, this court,—bordered by handsome wholesale shops—had been sanded over, and its walls lined with a row of tall camellias and other flowering plants, enclosed by a light border of gilded trellis-work. The lofty carriage gateway leading to the show-rooms was hung with rich draperies and curtains of crimson velvet, as were all the door-ways of the entrance; the walls being lined with masses of flowers.

A continuous stream of elegant equipages and fashionably-dressed people, principally ladies, was pouring into the court, and making for the show. Groups of magnificent "Mercuries" were drawn up near the doorway, waiting for their "Mlesusses;" and a couple of policemen were planted on the steps of Mlle. Felicie's apartment, helping the servants of the establishment to send away all who presented themselves without letters of invitation, and to keep in order the impatient crowd who were obliged to form into a *queue*, and await their turn to enter; only twenty being allowed to cross the desired threshold at a time.

Inside the rooms—which were hung with green silk, filled with flowers, and lighted with brilliant chandeliers, though a still more brilliant sunshine was pouring in at the windows—was a cram of visitors, so dense that it was with difficulty one made one's way through them.

The *layette* for the Imperial infant consists of twelve dozen of every species of article which a baby can possibly be supposed capable of wearing during the first year of its existence; all made of the richest materials, linen-cambric, velvet, satin and silk, covered with the most miraculous embroidery, and lavishly trimmed with the most exquisite and costly lace.

All these pretty things—and excessively pretty they are, as you may well believe—ornamented with a profusion of sky-blue ribbons (blue, the color reserved for boys, as pink is for girls, being, with white, the only color used in the entire *layette*) are laid out upon tables, filling three saloons; the long robes, short frocks, pelisses, mantles, cloaks, caps and hats, being hung upon high stands, and towering proudly above the masses—less mentionable, but equally ornate—of little chemises, drawers, bed-gowns, &c., displayed on the table.

At the upper end of the principal saloon was placed the cradle which will really be used by the future heir; the cradle of the King of Rome, recently refurbished, and the other, still more magnificent, which the city of Paris is about to present to the Emperor and Empress—both of which have been described in former letters—being reserved for purposes of show. It is of the form and make usual in this country, the body being of an oval net of blue silk cord, fastened into a metal frame, and attached to an upright metal pillar, the top of which curves forward to receive the curtains which are hung over it; the whole being supported on an ornamented foot. In this case, the pillar represents wreaths of olive-leaves, and the entire framework, which is very ornate, is richly gilt. The quilt is of dark blue silk, embroidered, as are the curtains; both being covered with magnificent lace. The pillow is semi-circular, also of blue silk, with a lace cover.

The sheets for this cradle are of thick, soft cambric, with a broad hem-stitched hem all around, the tops being exquisitely embroidered with wreaths, and trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace. The pillow-cases are embroidered and trimmed to match; with the addition of the N. E. and the Imperial crown in the centre of each.

The boxes of *little shoes* are not the least curious part of the collection; some are of wool, others of netted silk, others of lace, or embroidered muslin lined with white or blue silk; some are of blue velvet, embroidered, others of silk or merino, and a few of larger size, of blue kid.

The stock of tiny collars and undersleeves, of lace and embroidery, are equally various; so are those of gaiters, gloves, comforters, hoods, &c., of wool, cloth, silk, &c.

The caps struck me as rather heavy, so full are the borders, and so profusely trimmed with loops of blue or white ribbon. But nothing could be prettier than the nightcaps, plain little round things, of very fine cambric, with a broad hem, and narrow Valenciennes put on plain round the edge. The little bedgowns, equally simple, are equally pretty. The morning robes are plain also; with finely-plaited bodies and sleeves, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes.

But to describe in de tail the various articles of the layette is of course impossible. Let me mention therefore, as among the most remarkable of the objects it contains, the classic "basket" and "pincushion," covered with blue silk, and *point d'Alencon* lace; and the christening robe of the same costly fabric, over rich pearl-white satin, valued at $5,000; the skirt-body and sleeves, as also the lace covers of the basket and pincushion, the cradle-spread, the pillow cover and the veils—being each composed of a single piece, woven on purpose for its special destination, and presenting the most beautiful designs, with the Imperial cipher and crown in the centre of each, and the richest possible borders; a robe of Malines lace, and another of English point; a frock of embroidered muslin, covered entirely with the most elaborate work; and another, the skirt of which is formed of flounces of deep Valenciennes, with bands of superb embroidery between them.

A complete suit for a child of a year old was also particularly admired, consisting of a blue silk frock embroidered with white, a coat of blue velvet with a rich white bloom, made plain and faced round the edges of the skirt, collar and sleeves, with a very rich lace, about an inch broad, hemmed on plain; a cap of the same velvet with a white plume, blue kid boots with turquoise buttons, white gaiters, and a little white muff.

The supply of aprons for the nurse are also a curiosity in their way, being made of the most delicate, thick lawn, magnificently embroidered, and trimmed all round, and at the pockets, with Valenciennes four inches deep. The whole of this grand affair has been got up in three months, several hundreds of work-people having been employed upon it. The total cost is $20,000; little enough considering the immense quantity of lace and embroidery.

The friends of the present *regime* look upon all these preparations as right and reasonable, and seem to think it impossible to overrate the importance of the event. Those whose convictions or sympathies point another way, of course regard the whole business as excessively absurd; and wonder with a variety of shrugs, all equally emphatic, what the first Napoleon gained by his aping of courtly etiquette, or the ill-fated King of Rome by all the splendor and ceremonial that surrounded his cradle.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market was dull and very much unsettled. Shippers are much disposed to purchase, except at reduced figures. The European advices have had a depressive effect. We quote sales of 500 bbls choice Ohio at $7. There were sellers, however; of Howard street and Ohio towards the close, at $6.87½, and buyers at $6.75. Nothing done in City Mills. Sales not heretofore reported, of 1400 bbls at $7; also 700 do at $6.87½. No sales reported since Change. There were sellers of Howard at $6.87½, but buyers are disposed to offer over $6.75. Family and extra flour—We note an advance in Patapsco brands, and now quote at 9 for extra, and $10 for family, by the quantity. Sales of Howard street and Ohio extra at $7.25@, and family do $7.50@$7.75 per bbl. Rye Flour—We note small sales at $4.87½@5 per bbl.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—Wheat—The market was rather quiet and dull. There were about 3,000 bushels offered, and a sale of 7m bushels red at $1.52. Sales also of white ordinary to fair, at $1.50@1.60; good to prime do $1.65@1.75; choice $1.80 at 85. Corn—The market was dull and prices declined. About 14,000 bushels were offered, and sales of white measurement, at 45@46c; weight do 55c; yellow, measurement, 46@46c. None sold by weight. Oats—There were 3,000 bushels offered, and sales at 30@31c. Rye—There were 500 bushels offered. A small sale of Pennsylvania at 85c; choice is worth 90@95c; Maryland nominal. Seeds—Market firm. Sales of Clover, now in small lots at $5.25 for choice. We quote the range at $5.00@5.25; Timothy $1.87½@2.75; Flaxseed $1.60@1.65.

WHISKEY—Sales are making in lots, to the extent of 200 bbls Ohio and City at 27c. Also 50 bbls Pennsylvania at 27c.

April 7.—Markets dull. Howard street Flour, $6.75; City Mills $6.50. Choice Wheat is scarce, and wanted; White 1.40@1.50; fair Red and White, 1.40@1.50. Corn is dull at 45@45 for White, and 5@5 for Yellow.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, April 7th, 1856.

The operations of the past week although not so large as usual, have been to a fair extent for the season in all departments of trade. Receipts of good flour, and holders have realized rather better prices for Flour and Corn; the demand, however, has fallen off within a day or two, and the market at the close was rather dull. Rye is wanted at fully former rates. For Corn the market is buoyant and firm, with a good steady demand for Shipping and the grades, at fully previous quotations. For Oats the market is becoming more active, and large consignments for Lehigh have been made, deliverable on the opening of the canal. Iron is very firm, with a fair business to notice for last on the spot. In Groceries the difference in the views of buyers and sellers has limited operations very materially. The Provision market is more active, supplies come forward slowly, and prices are looking up. Hemp and Hides are quiet, the latter for want of stock. Leather continues very active. Naval Stores and Oils are without much alteration. Plaster is scarce and wanted. Seeds—Clover-seed is in request at a further advance; other kinds are dull. Teas and Tobacco are firm with a good demand. Wool is unchanged and firm. Whiskey is unsettled and drooping. In other articles there are no important changes to note since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this Port from the 28th to the 31st March last:

WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls.	3,438	Cheese	lbs.	896
Corn Meal		341	Tallow		13,063
Ship Bread		320	Codfish		22,300
Pork and Beef		90	Candles		18,042
Vinegar		130	Soap		16,352
Potatoes		40	Tobacco		3,067
Spts Turpentine		125	Corn	bush.	800
Hams	lbs.	10,782	Rice	tcs.	34
Lard		2,100	Oil	gls.	200
Butter		10,000	Coal	tons	100

ENGLAND.

Corn,		bush.	28,571		

BRITISH N. A COLONIES.

Flour	bbls.	1,345	Naval Stores	bbls.	18
Corn Meal		5,365	Vinegar		100
Rye Meal		1,020	Corn	bush.	6,500
Ship Bread		275	Rice	tcs.	8
Pork		24	Lard	lbs.	2,275

OTHER FOREIGN PORTS.

Flour	bbls.	1,000	Domestics	pkgs	20
Ship Bread		325	Tea		201
Pork		5	Lard	lbs.	3,912

ASHES remains unchanged, with moderate transactions in both kinds.

BARK, quercitron meets with a good demand, and about 200 hhds have been sold, on arrival, at $20.2½, the latter being an advance for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX—Is generally held above the views of buyers, and the only sale we hear of is 600 lbs, at 30c, most holders asking more.

BREAD is moving off more freely, without change in quotations.

CANDLES—The market is quiet, with about the usual business doing in Sperm and Adamantine at previous prices. Tallow Candles are wanted at 13@14c ₱ lb, as in quality.

COAL—Business is more active, and considerable shipments are making from Richmond, mostly to go East, at steady rates for per ton delivered in Boston, and prices the same.

COFFEE—The market has been more active this week, the firmness of holders having in a measure checked the demand; transactions, however, to the extent of 4,000 bags are reported, principally Rio, in small lots, within the range of 11@12c on the usual terms, including Java packets Java at 13c time.

COPPER is steady in first hands, at 29½ cash and 6 months. Yellow Metal is also steady, with further sales of sheets at 32c and bolts at 30c 4 months.

COTTON—The foreign news has had little or no effect on the market, and prices under a fair demand from manufacturers are fully sustained and firm; at the close there was less doing in the way of sales, owing to a full supply of offers, and prices are gradually hardening, the week's transactions reaching about 2,500 bales within the range of 11½@12c for Uplands, and 11¾@12c for Mobile and New Orleans, cash and time, the latter for Texas lots, which are scarce.

DRY GOODS—The market has been less active this week. The jobbers have got pretty well over their busy season. The Western trade is over, but the home trade, which it is expected will be large, has hardly commenced. There are no important changes to note in any of the leading styles of goods. Plain Cottons keep well sold up and firm, and all staple articles bring full prices.

DYE AND DYES—Business has been only moderate this week; among the sales are 120 casks Soda Ash, in lots, at 2½c, on the usual terms; 100 bags crude Brimstone, 25 pkgs Indigo, and a cargo of Jamaica Logwood, all on terms not public. Castor Oil has declined.

FEATHERS—Come in slowly, and sales are limited to a few small lots from store at 60@65c for inferior, and 80@85c for good lots.

FISH—There is no alteration in the market, and further sales of about 1,500 bbls Mackerel are reported from the wharf, mostly on terms not public. A cargo of pickled Herring also sold at $3.75 ₱ bbl, which is a decline. Some holders are storing. The following are the sales reported since our last: Shore No 1 at 14, large do $18@22, large No 2 $15, do 8 $8½, Shore No 1 $16 @17, do 2 do, do 3 $12. Herring No 1 @ $6 @ $7. White Fish $16. Scale Fish $9. Codfish $4 ₱ 100 lbs.

FRUIT—We note further arrivals and sales of Oranges and Lemons from the wheat at from $1.50 to 2.50 for the former, and $3.50@4 for the latter. Also, 1,000 boxes Smyrna Figs, and 4,000 boxes Messina Fruit sold at about $3 ₱ box round, and 200 boxes shelled Almonds at 24c. Other articles are quiet for the want of stock, with a fair jobbing demand at full rates. In domestic there is not much doing. Dried Peaches and Apples are selling in a small way at previous quotations.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and sales of Flour continue light, and prices, under the more favorable tenor of the advices from abroad, opened 2c ₱ bbl better. The demand, however, for export is limited at the advance, and since the receipt of the Asia's news, buyers are holding off for lower figures. The week's sales are confined to about 7,500 bbls, mostly in small lots for shipment at $7.25 for common, $7.37½ for better brands, and $7.75@8 for extra, including 1,000 bbls of the latter, Richmond qualities at $8.50, and about 500 bbls middlings at $6.50 ₱ bbl. The market closing rather dull at these rates. For home use the demand has been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for common to extra family brands, and fancy brands at $9.50 ₱ bbl for fancy family brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been in steady demand without change in prices. About 1,500 bbls of the former sold at $5, and 2,500 bbls of the latter at $3 ₱ bbl for Penn Meal. The inspections for the week are 6,507 bbls Flour, 473 bbls Rye do, 3,253 do Corn Meal, and 94 puncheons do.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue moderate, and prices at the close are rather lower, the week's sales reaching about 20,000 bush, part for shipment at $1.80@1.85, as in quality. The closing sales were at $1.70 for prime Jersey. Included in the sales are some small lots white at $1.75@1.80, and the latter for choice lots. Rye is dull, and 2,000 bushels Western were found buyers, mostly in the first part of the week, at 100@103c; and since at 95c, which is a decline. Holders generally ask more. Corn has been in steady demand, and 50,000 bushels changed hands, chiefly for shipment, at 80c for Penna yellow in store, and 65c for good dry Southern, afloat, including small lots delivered at the latter price, and damp at less rates. About 50,000 bushels damaged sold by auction at 34@36c. Oats are in moderate demand, with sales of 15,000 bus, mostly Penna, at 30@30c, closing at the former rate to arrive.

GUANO—There is an active demand for both kinds, without any change in rates. There is little or no stock of Columbian in market, arrivals, however, are daily expected.

GINSENG—But little arriving or selling, and the market quiet.

HEMP—There is no stock in first hands, and no sales have come under our notice to alter quotations.

HIDES—The market is buoyant and firm, but the want of stock and high views of holders limits operations. A sale of 5,000 dry Laguayra was made at a price kept private.

HOPS are unchanged, with a moderate business to notice in the way of sales at $@30c for 1st sort.

LEAD—There is little or no stock in first hands, and the market remains inactive.

LEATHER—The market is active, and the receipts keep well up, at fully former rates.

LUMBER—The stock is very much reduced and the market inactive, without any particular change to notice. An active business, however, is expected as soon as receipts come into market.

IRON—The foreign news gives a firmer aspect to the market abroad. Scotch pig has improved, and is now 10s to 20s higher than last quoted; for the first qualities of bars there has been a brisk demand; common and rails are maintained firmly at £9 to £9 5s. In American the business has continued brisk for the season, and especially so considering the heavy contracts already made for this year's delivery. Several furnaces on the Susquehanna have been blown out for want of coal, and the deficient stock of coal. Prices in that district are as last reported. Pig in our market continues in good request, and prices are maintained at previous quotations. The orders for rails are now sufficient to give full work to most of the mills for several months to come. For bars there has been a demand equal to the working ability of the mills. Transactions in pig have been moderate, with considerable inquiries and light stocks. Quotations: $21 for No. 1, $20 for No. 2, and $23 for No. 3. A sale of 3,500 tons iron was recently made for railroad purposes. Other quotations are as last reported.

MOLASSES—There has been very little movement to notice in the way of sales since the last week, and we have only been confined to a few small lots New Orleans—in all about 300 bbls at 44c 46c, and 500 hhds Cuba taken by the trade at previous quotations.

NAVAL STORES—The market for Spirits Turpentine is unsettled and lower, with sales of 350 bbls at 39@40c, principally at 39½c for grocery, cash and time. Of Rosin some 3,000 bbls have been disposed of at $1.70 for common, and $1.75@3 ₱ bbl for fair. Nothing new in Tar and Pitch and sales limited.

OILS—The market has been rather quiet this week, but holders are firm in their demands, with a small business doing in Sperm and White within the range of quotations. Linseed is steady with further sales at 9 cents, as in lots. Linseed is selling to a fair extent, part to go West at 68@69c. Of Red Oil some 300 bbls have been disposed of at equal to 65c, cash.

PLASTER is scarce and wanted, but we hear of no sales this week.

PROVISIONS—Supplies come forward slowly, and the market is nearly bare of bbld meats. Pork is bringing better prices; small sales of mess in the extent of about 200 barrels have been made at $17@17.50, short time; holders now ask the latter rate. Beef is a better demand; 200 bbls recently sold at 9@9½, 60 days, and city mess in small lots at $10@10½ ₱ bbl. Bacon is scarce, with a small business to note at 10c@11c for plain, and 11@11½c for fancy Hams. Sides are worth 9½c, and Shoulders 8½c, 60 days. Of Green Meats some 500 casks have changed hands, part before arrival, at 7½c for Shoulders, and 9½c for Hams, most of which are for shipment. Lard is scarce, with a small business doing at the close at 9½@9¾c for bbls, and 10@11c for kegs. Butter is less active. We quote kegs at 17@18c, and roll at 18@20c, as in quality. Cheese is in moderate request at 9@10c ₱ lb.

RICE—The market is nearly stationary, and 330 casks have been sold in lots at 4½@4½c ₱ lb, on the usual terms.

SALT—Some 8,000 sacks Liverpool ground were disposed of at a private bargain.

SEEDS—Cloverseed continues in good demand, and there is but little coming in. Further sales of 1,500 bushels were made, mostly at the late rates of the week, at $5.25@5.50, principally at the latter. Timothy is dull, with a small business to note at $3.37½@3.75 ₱ bushel, the latter for strictly prime seed. Flaxseed is unsettled, and the dealers are only paying $1.80@1.85 per bushel for American. Red Top is steady, with further sales of 200 sacks to arrive of the new crop, at $4.75 ₱ bushel.

SUGARS—Business has been pretty much at a stand, and the week's sales only reached some 300 hhds, taken in small lots by the trade, at 7½@8c for Cuba and New Orleans, and 7½@8c for Porto Rico, all on the usual terms.

SUMAC—Further sales of 500 bags Sicily are reported at $70@75 per ton, on a credit.

SPICES—Not much doing, and prices the same. Some small lots of Nutmegs have changed hands at 95 cents on the dollar.

SPIRITS—Brandies and Gins are firmly held, with about the usual business doing. N. E. Rum is steady at 40@43c, with small sales at the latter rate. Whiskey has been selling to a fair extent at 26½@27c for hhds, and 29½@29c for bbls, at the latter rates, for prime packages.

TALLOW is more active, and sales of city rendered are making at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb.

TEAS—All kinds are bringing full rates, and the market is active.

TOBACCO—The stock of Leaf is unusually light, and no sales of any moment have transpired. In manufactured the sales are fair for the season, without any change in rates.

WINES—Prices remain nearly stationary; with about the usual business to notice in most kinds.

WOOL—There has been a fair inquiry in the market during the past week, but the transactions are only to a moderate extent for the season, and about 150,000 lbs have been disposed of at full rates, ranging from 48 to 50 cts for common to prime lots on the usual terms. Among the sales are 20,000 lbs fine at 52½ and 12,000 lbs extra at 55c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings this week of Beef Cattle were about 1,600 head of Beef Cattle, 250 Cows and Calves, 1,200 Hogs and 6,000 Sheep and Lambs.

Prices, &c.—All the Beeves sold at from $8.50 to 11 the 100 lbs, the latter being for prime lots, which are scarce.

Cows and Calves move and slowly at from $21 to 45.

Hogs, all offered were taken by city butchers at $8.25@8 the 100 lbs as in quality.

Sheep and Lambs—As the demand has been active, and the market closed easier at from $2 to 5.50 each, according to condition.

Hay, the supply is moderate at prices about the same, sales ranging at from $1.10 to 1.20 the 100 lbs as to quality.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

CATTLE—There was a brisk demand for Beef Cattle, and prices were better. The offerings at the scales were 400 head, 50 of which were driven to Philadelphia, 50 to Washington, and the balance (300 head) were sold to Baltimore butchers, the bulk at prices ranging from $4 to $5.25 on the hoof, equal to $8@10.25 net. A small lot of extra Cattle brought $6 on the hoof. The average gross price was $4.62½ per 100 lbs.

HOGS—There was a fair supply of Hogs at market, and the sales generally were made at $7@8.25 per 100 lbs. The market was steady at these figures.

SHEEP—Sheep are scarce and in demand, and prices rule at high rates. Sales were made at the scales at $6@6.50 per 100 lbs, gross.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is exceedingly dull for the low grades of State and Western Flour, and is especially heavy for the common lots, most of which must be sent home for export. Good brands are not so freely offered, and prices generally evince much firmness, as an small a proportion of these consists of good brands, and the dealers are mostly made up of ordinary brands. The sales of Western Canal are 5,000 bbls at $6.60@6.70 for ordinary to good brands and fair to good superfine Western; $6.75@7 for superfine Upper Lake and Indiana, the latter source at the close; $7@7.30 for common to good superfine and low grades of extra Ohio, and $8.20@10.50 for extra Genesee.

Canadian Flour is held with a good degree of firmness, the stock light. Sales small at $7.50@8.25 for common to best brands. Southern Flour is less active, and mixed brands are difficult of sale—these are 12½c lower. Sales of 1,100 bbls at $7.55@7.80 for mixed to good standard brands of Baltimore, City Mills, Alexandria and Fredericksburg county, and $8@8.50 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is in small sales at $5@5.50. Corn Meal is quiet at $4.25@4.37½ for Jersey, and $4.75 for Brandywine, and 100 puncheons at $17.

GRAIN—Holders of Wheat continue quite firm; the demand is good for milling. Sales of 2,500 bushels fair to good red South ern at $1.50@1.70; 2,200 bushels prime white do at $1.85, and 2,000 bushels prime white, Louisa at $1.90, and 1,500 bushels good white Canadian at $1.84. Rye is firm, with some inquiry. Sales of 5,000 bushels Penna at 94c. Northern Flour is firmer. Oats are firm and in fair request at 38c for Jersey, 42@43c for State, and 44@47c for Ohio and Chicago. Corn 2c lower, is plenty, and in limited request for export. Sales of 20,000 bushels at 68@69c for Southern mixed, 62@66c for do yellow, and 83@86c for do white.

WHISKEY—The market is lower and is dull; sales of 100 bbls at 22c for Ohio and Prime.

PROVISIONS—There is more business in our Pork market; the demand for immediate delivery is fair, and we notice some inquiry for all the month; the sales are 1,000 bbls, at $16.75@ 16.87½ for Prime, $17.12½@17.25 for Prime Mess, and $17.50@ 17.62½ for Mess, generally held at $18; Prime Mess is quiet at $16.50@17.00. Included in the sales are 1,000 bbls Mess, sellers' option, all the month, at $16.75. Beef is in fair request for the local trade, but prices still favor the buyer; sales of 250 bbls at $8.50@8.75 for Prime; $9.25@9.50 for Country Mess; $10@13 for repacked Western; $12@13 for Prime Mess in pickle. Beef Hams are better, and in demand; sales of 200 bbls, at $15 for good Indiana; $16.50 for good Chicago, and $17 for choice do. Bacon is better and in good demand, with a light stock; sales of 2,500 boxes Western long-ribbed Middles, on private terms; 200 boxes short do, at 9½c, and 2,000 boxes rectrimmed Western (short) for May delivery, at 9½@9¾c. Lard is steady.

HOPS—There is no alteration to notice in this market, a small business only has transpired; sales of 25 bales in lots at 7@8c for ordinary to choice Eastern and Western; old are quiet and nominal.

COFFEE—The demand has partially revived and a fair business to close, prices continue fully supported, sales of 2,200 bags Rio at 10@11½, 800 bags Laguayra at 11@12½, the latter price for very choice, and 200 mats Java at 12c. The stock of Rio is 33,000 bags.

SUGARS—There continues a firm feeling and a moderate activity; the receipts have been quite large; the sales are 350 hhds, mostly Cuba Muscovado, at 6¾@7c, and 170 hhds Melado at 5½c.

MOLASSES—A moderate business is doing at full prices, sales of 250 bbls New Orleans at 42@45c, 80 hhds Trinidad at 31c, and small sales of Cuba Muscovado at 32c.

April 7.—Cotton is quiet. Flour is drooping; sales of 4,000 bbls at $7.25@7.25 for Southern; Wheat, 2,000 bushels sold at $1.72 for Southern red. Corn is firmer; 70,000 bushels sold at 69@70 for mixed. Mess Pork dull; 100 bbls sold. Beef languid; 100 bbls sold. Lard drooping; 300 bbls sold at 9¾@10. Whiskey has declined; 200 bbls sold at 29½.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—Brokers in Beef Cattle made the recorded supply on sale here the basis for an advance of from 1 to 2 per cent. the pound, and the yards were pretty well drained before the close. The offerings consisted of best 2,525 head, and the quality generally was decided improvement upon last week, which fascinated the sales very materially. Some very choice Beeves realized 13 cents, while inferior sold as low as 8c, the average being about 11@11½c. Ohio and Illinois were the largest contributors to the supply though New York, Kentucky, and Virginia, were fairly represented.

The various grades of transportation are now unobstructed, and it is hardly probable that the current prices can be maintained for any considerable length of time. There are cattle enough in the country, and but for the intercession of middlemen, we should have prices low enough to meet the exigencies of all classes—but, unfortunately, the opulent Mitch Cows are without further change, and the demand is moderate. Veal Calves are in fair supply, but with an increasing demand prices have slightly appreciated. The current quotations are easier, as in quality. Swine are in good demand, and the market is firm at 6@7c—1,311 sold within the range. Nothing of moment doing in Sheep and Lambs here. Prices are about the same as last week.

PRICES—Beef Cattle, extra quality per 100 lbs, $12,00@ 13,00; do good quality, $11,00@11,50; do common, $9,50@10,00; do inferior, $8,00@9,00. Cows and Calves extra, $50@55; do good, $40@45;

NEWS ITEMS.

NEW YORK, April 8.—Governor Clark pardoned yesterday Dr. Graham, of New Orleans, who was sentenced to imprisonment for killing Col. Loring at the St. Nicholas hotel.

A nursery of five thousand peach trees, cultivated by Mr. Burnet, of Vincennes, Ind., has all been destroyed, with the exception of fifty, by the long continued frost.

POISON IN MAPLE SUGAR.—A lady recently died at Lansingburgh, N. Y., from the effects of poison contained in some maple sugar, boiled in a brass kettle.

FAILURES IN EUROPE.—The English papers chronicle many failures among the grain merchants within the last two months. In Glasgow, where the stock of grain was proportionately above that of any other place, there are reported thirteen cases of insolvency, involving liabilities to the extent of two millions of dollars.

Apples have become one of the staple crops of the New England farmers. They were dull of sale and low in price last fall, and there has been no call for them during the winter, so that the supply now in the hands of producers must be large, and to save loss they need to be disposed of within the next four weeks. Southern markets looks a little better for them.—*Boston Transcript.*

HORRIBLE DEATH.—On Saturday week, a boy, named Ephraim Whitehead, about eight years of age, was found in a field near his father's residence, at Cleveland, Ohio, so fearfully mangled by a Cuban bloodhound and a bull dog, that he died in half an hour. He had hardly strength enough to tell the cause of his death. The dogs were immediately killed.

A BLOCKADE OF VENEZUELA THREATENED.—The Dutch West India fleet has repaired to Laguayra to demand redress for injury done to Dutch property at Ville de Coro, about six months ago. In the event of Venezuela not satisfying the above claims, the Dutch Commodore has positive orders to blockade the Venezuelan ports and declare war, in which case there will be no more shipments of produce from the main. The issue is doubtful.

The King of the Belgians has arrived in London to attend the "confirmation" of his goddaughter, the Princess Royal, (the Queen's eldest daughter.) The young Prince of Prussia, son to the heir of the throne, is about to revisit England, with a view to a betrothal to the Princess. Last year, when this youth came on the same errand, the British press scowled his alliance, but times have changed since then.

The last accounts from Constantinople state that the weather was very tempestuous, and that the packet from the Crimea had not arrived. Snow was three feet deep at Constantinople.

The Independence Belge says: "It is known that the delivery of the Empress was owing solely to those extreme resources which science confides in such cases to the hands of her representatives. The forceps have left on the face of the Imperial Prince a few slight traces of bruises, but which will speedily disappear. The joy of the Emperor, when he heard that it was a son, equalled the agony he had suffered; it was indescribable. As for the Empress, she could hardly believe that all her hopes had been so fully realized; she required the Emperor's own word to confirm it before she gave herself up to joy. The Emperor had given to the Empress, for this solemn event, a reliquary he never parts with." The Emperor shed tears on the occasion.

A CHINAMAN'S IDEA OF LAW.—A Chinaman in California was arrested for murder. A friend hearing the opinion expressed that Ah Chung would be hanged, delivered *his* opinion of California justice thus: "Him no hang; him all same one Melican (American) man, *him got two thousand dollars;* you sabe! no hab money, him hang—hab plenty money, no hang."

SUSQUEHANNAH MILL PONDS.—At Selma, Alabama, the stream from an artesian well in that city has been turned upon a large wheel at the central warehouse to draw up the freight car from the river to the top of the bluff. The stream of water was bored for to the depth of six hundred feet. There is a well at Cahaba which discharges a still larger volume of water, and it was at one time intended to operate a factory by its stream, but it has not yet been applied to this purpose.

A rich old spinster who died at Newton, N. H., lately, left $39,419. She was all her life getting ready to be married, and had stored up 183 sheets, 63 coverlets, 50 blankets, 87 beds, with 1,180 pounds of feathers, 54 towels, 24 table covers, and 48 handkerchiefs, while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed ten dollars in value.

The city of New York owes $14,000,000, Philadelphia $10,000,000, New Orleans $8,000,000, Boston $7,000,000, Baltimore $5,000,000, Cincinnati over $2,000,000, St. Louis over $2,000,000, Portland, Me., over $2,000,000, Mobile $1,500,000, Charleston near $2,000,000, and San Francisco $1,500,000.

REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT AND STRANGE APPARITION.—The Boston Times relates the following singular story, in connection with the supposed loss of the Pacific:

We have always been averse to feeding the popular appetite for marvellous things, especially those which may be said to have their origin in a personal latitude, and only calculated to create a thirst for further revelations, which can never be satiated this side the grave. But the circumstances we are about to relate are so remarkable, and are so authenticated, that we cannot avoid the temptation to give them publicity; and hoping our readers will not think that because we have come to another world for information in regard to the missing steamer, we have yet given up all hopes of hearing from her in this, we proceed to relate the story substantially as related to us:

Among the passengers in the Pacific is, or was, Mr. K——w, of this city, a gentleman who has crossed the Atlantic several times, and always left in happy spirits, and always returned in excellent health. But just before leaving on his last voyage, his spirits became suddenly and successively depressed. He could not account for the feeling; he struggled to overcome it, and his friends endeavored to rally him. But it was no use—the strange presentiment of some dreadful calamity hung over him, and weighed down his energies. Yet important business requiring his presence in Europe at a certain time, he determined to disregard the admonitions of this inward monitor, and to hazard the voyage. Before starting, however, he made his will, and placed it in the hands of a friend.

Mr. K. was engaged to be married to an estimable young lady, a daughter of one of our most respectable and highly esteemed merchants, whose residence is a short distance from the city; and the wedding was to take place on Mr. K.'s return from his European voyage. The approach of this interesting event, it was naturally thought, served to aggravate the aversion he had to again trust the dangers of the treacherous ocean; but the cordial good wishes he had to carry with him, and the prospect of a happy return at some time or other, somewhat relieved his mind of the gloom which weighed upon it, and he departed. He arrived out safely, transacted his business, and wrote home breathing the kindliest feeling of excitement for his dear friends, and designated the time at which he might be expected to return. Of course, his arrival was looked for with much interest, especially by the lady to whom he was engaged. But, how futile are human calculations! Days and weeks have elapsed since that period, and yet a cheering word from the vessel which was to bear him homeward has not been heard to relieve the now painful anxiety reigning there.

About the time Mr. K. appointed to be home, Miss ——, his betrothed, was one night startled from her sleep by the figure of Mr. K. appearing before her! The form seemed so palpable that it was for a moment bewildered. She felt convinced that it could not be her intended; yet so strongly seemed the apparition, that she raised herself in bed and spoke to it! That moment it vanished; and Miss ——, relieved from her illusion, awoke her sister, who was sleeping beside her, and related the occurrence.

Little was thought of this matter until recently, when circumstances induced a reference to the date of its happening. It proved to be the 7—the very day on which the steamer struck! Saw portions of cabin furniture, &c., which some suppose to have belonged to the

Say the least, is a remarkable coincidence, but we sincerely hope and trust that it was simply a means of adding, if possible, to the intense joy and gladness which await the return of dearly loved and cherished friends, for that so much longed for moment of re-union shall arrive.

POLITICAL NEWS.

RHODE ISLAND.—The American and Republican candidate for Governor is elected by 2,850 majority. No Lieutenant Governor is elected, there being three candidates. The Senate stands—16 Americans and Republicans, 9 Democrats, 1 Whig and 5 vacancies. The House stands about 39 Americans and Republicans, 21 Democrats and 13 vacancies.

This classification is not entirely accurate, but nearly so. There is no doubt of a majority of the allied American and Republican parties in both Houses.

THE PRESIDENCY.—The Cleveland Herald has raised the name of John C. Fremont as a candidate for President, subject to the decision of the Republican National Convention.

Col. Thomas H. Benton has proclaimed his preference for Judge Wayne, of the Supreme Court, for the Presidency.

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE NEBRASKA BILL.—The Washington Union publishes the following:—"Some discussion having taken place upon the position of Mr. Buchanan on the Kansas Nebraska bill, we are permitted to copy the following extract from a letter addressed by Mr Buchanan to Senator Slidell, dated London, on the 28th of December last, when there seemed to be no difference as to Mr. B.'s thorough identity with the Democratic party on this, as on all other issues. It will be seen that Mr. B. speaks of the Kansas-Nebraska bill with his usual frankness and decision. We are confirmed in our impression, by this letter, that no man, no set of men, and no newspaper, are at all warranted to speak authoritatively for Mr. Buchanan upon this or upon any other question. His own words speak for themselves.

"The letter of Mr. Buchanan was not, it will be seen, intended for publication, but the gentleman to whom it was addressed has thought it necessary, after the editorial article in the Union of Wednesday last, to lay it before the country:

"'The question has been settled by Congress, and this settlement should be inflexibly maintained. The Missouri Compromise is gone and gone forever. But no assault should be made upon those Democrats who maintained it, provided they are now willing in good faith to maintain the settlement as it exists. Such an understanding is wise and just in itself.

"'It is well known how I labored in company with Southern men to have this line extended to the Pacific. But it has departed. The time for it has passed away, and I verily believe that the best—nay, the only—mode now left of putting down the fanatical and reckless spirit of abolition at the North is to adhere to the existing settlement, without the slightest thought or appearance of wavering, and without regarding any storm which may be raised against it.'"

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN AMERICA.—The Rev. Charles Stuart, chaplain in the navy, and author of the well-known work on the Sandwich Islands, says that Louis Napoleon was not, during his residence in America, either intemperate or dissolute in his habits; but in the meantime there was in the city a young Prince of the Bonaparte family, who was. This was his cousin, the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and it is his errors of conduct which are to this day ascribed to the present Emperor of France. While in America, however Louis Napoleon might appear in public, he was in private in deep dejection. The disgrace of his failures at Strasburg and Boulogne preyed upon his spirits.

A COMET EXPECTED.—Astronomers, it is said, expect the appearance this year of the comet of 1556, called Charles V., and so named from having, according to some historians, caused that monarch to abdicate and retire to the Convent of St. Just. It is the identical wandering star, some say, which appeared in 1264, in 995, and in 683. Its return was fixed for 1848, but it did not answer the call, frightened, perhaps, as a monarchical comet, by the eccentricities of that epoch. The new calculations of the *savans* do not, however, admit as much doubt as to the present nearness of its visit.

The medical fee of the Empress Eugenie's accoucher, it is said, will be 500,000 francs. His father received £10,000 for his attendance upon the Empress Maria Louise, at the birth of the King of Rome.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

Another Perfect Cure of Epilepsy by Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills.

DURANTE NECK, PERQUIMAN'S Co., Oct. 1st, 1855.

Dr. Hance—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first rate article; and since I have used them, I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health.

I am, very respectfully,
Yours, &c., JONATHAN J JACOBS.

P. S. The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

These Pills, besides curing Epilepsy, are a specific for all modifications of nervous disease. Price $2 per box; two boxes for $3; twelve boxes for $24. Persons enclosing a remittance will have the Pills sent them through the mail on its receipt. For sale by *Seth S. Hance*, No. 102 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., to whom orders from all parts of the Union must be addressed.

WHY SUFFER WITH SCROFULA when a remedy is at hand? Read the following letter:

DEPERE, Wis., February 18, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:

After five months' confinement to my bed with fever, my left foot and leg commenced swelling, which continued to increase, accompanied by the most fearful pain, until the cords of my leg contracted to such an extent, that I could not straighten it. A SORE soon made its appearance on the inside of the leg between the ankle and knee which rapidly increased in size notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. For months I lingered in this fearful situation, using *every means in my power to obtain relief* but without effect, in fact most remedies made it worse. TO HAVE MY LEG TAKEN OFF appeared to be my only chance for life, but to this I would not consent, as death to me seemed preferable to such a loss. Despairing of ever being cured, I fortunately noticed in your Medical Almanac the certificates of persons who had been cured of similar diseases by your "Alterative," and without much faith I commenced its use, eight bottles of this medicine, with some of your "Liniment" and "Sanative Pills," have so far restored me as to enable me to WALK AS WELL AS EVER, and to free my leg from all soreness and pain. Fearing that there might be some remains of the disease still in my system, I have purchased a further supply of 12 bottles of your Alterative with Liniment and Pills, feeling confident that by their use I shall enjoy perfect health. I know not how to express my gratitude, but beg you to accept the thanks of a truly grateful heart. Yours respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

The above remedies are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mh13-3t

THAT DIGGS BABY.—Mr. Diggs is so delighted with that baby that he has been almost beside himself with joy since its arrival at the Diggs Mansion. Diggs was seen this morning lent upon having a spruce appearance, and making 240 turns towards the cheap and fashionable clothing store of Rockhill & Wilson, 111 Chesnut street, corner of Franklin Place.

CHERRY BALSAM.—We have heard so much said of the wonderful curative power of Dr. Wistar's Balsam, in all stages of diseased lungs, that we feel perfectly safe in recommending it for general use for coughs, colds, bronchitis, &c.

NEW GOODS IN GOLD AND SILVER.—Wilmarth, Cinsamas & Co., 21 Maiden Lane, New York, have on hand, and are offering to the trade the most extensive variety of Gold and Silver Pencil and Pen Cases, Gold Pens, Tooth Picks, &c., we have ever seen. They are also proprietors of the celebrated "Lownde's Patent Pen and pencil," which, together with the above goods, are for sale by the principal Jewelers in our city. W. C. & Co. make the best finished goods in the market. ap5-3t

NO IMPOSITION.

WILKIN'S AMULET, invented by the celebrated oculist, Dr. G. M. Elliott, of New York, (recipe presented by him to M. Wilkin,) will cure Baldness. Preserve and Cleanse the Hair. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists and the Proprietors, 44 Maiden Lane, New York. ap5-3t

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only Fifty Cents. FETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb2-eowtu

NO EXCUSE FOR GRAY HAIR.

For, by sending to MESSRS. SWEETSER & CO., box 338 Post-office, Baltimore, Md., and procuring a supply of GORHAM'S CHEMICAL HAIR RENOVATOR, you can change your gray hair to its natural or original color, and promote an entire new growth. The price for a single package is $1, or six for $5. Sent by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of a remittance. sep15-eowly

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly enclosed, by mail.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Allensville, N. C. on the 20th of March, by Wm. H. Royster, Esq., Mr. A. H. CHANDLER, to Miss EMMA ANCOCK.

Also, at the same place, by the same, on the 23d of March, Mr. J. R. GREEN, to Miss F. A. CHANDLER, all of Person county, N. C. Philadelphia papers please copy.

On Tuesday morning last, 25th March, at the residence of T. K. Collins, Esq. by the Rev. Joseph Castle, LIZZIE C. MATTSON, to CHARLES S. WAYNE, both of this city.

On the 13th of March, at the Franklin House, by Mayor R. T. Conrad, Mr. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, of West Bradford, to Miss HANNAH C. CHANDLER, of East Marlborough.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. Y. Ashton, Mr. JOHN FIELDS, to Miss MARY A. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., HOOK W. LAWRENCE, to Miss MARY WEBB, both of Gloucester N. J.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. ROBERT ORR, to Miss ELIZA SIMON, all of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. P. Coombe, STEPHEN C. REED, of Wayne county, N. Y. to EMMA J. WEBSTER, of this city.

On the 20th ult. at Quincy, Illinois, by the Rev. G. J. King, Dr. JOHN MCCALLA, of Lancaster, Pa. to Miss AMANDA K. BARR, of the former place.

On the 20th of Jan. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN WILSON, to Miss MARGARET MAGO, all of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Durbarrow, Dr. H. W. WEBSTER, Jr. of Baltimore, to KATE, daughter of the late Charles Riser, of Philadelphia.

At San Francisco, California, Jan 17th, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, of Rochester, N. Y. to Miss MARY M. BYRNE, of Philadelphia, Pa.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. William C. Johnstone, Mr. CONSELLY LOUGHRIDGE, of Catasauqua, Pa. to Miss MARY A. STERLING.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Mr. FREDERICK WILLIS, to Miss CLARA HAMILTON, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dowling, Mr. BUNG, SCHLER, of Lower Merion, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss HANNAH Y MICHENER, of Philadelphia, formerly of Chester county.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Y. Ashton, Mr. JOHN T. TOWNSEND, Esq. to Miss SUSAN C. MANN, both of New Castle county, Del.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, Mr. DOMINICK VANZILER, to Miss AMANDA HOUSEKEEPER, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. HENRY H. KLINGER, of Manheim, Luzerne county, Pa. to Miss MATILDA JANE, daughter of Wm. R. Burton, of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. CHARLES P. WILSON, of Carbondale, Pa. to Miss MARY LEE, of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. SAMUEL GIFFORD, to Miss MARY A. HOOPES, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st inst. JOHN NAGLE, aged 43 years.
On the 2d inst. Mr. GEORGE DAVIS, aged 62 years.
On the 1st inst. HENRY BENNER, aged 2 years and 7 months.
Suddenly, CADDY M. daughter of Issachar and Miriam Peterman, aged 3 years.
On the 2d inst. FELIX MILLIGIN.
On the 2d inst. EDITH, daughter of Alfred T. and Jessalea Jones, aged 9 years.
On the 2d inst. WILLIAM QUIGG, son of Wm. V. and Sarah M. Stone, aged 4 years.
On the 2d inst. ROBERT J. ALEXANDER, aged 41.
On the 2d inst. RODGER CAMERON, aged 23 years.
On the 2d inst. WILLIAM O'DONNELL, aged 38 years.
On the 3d inst. CHARLES MCKENNA, aged 42 years.
On the 1st inst. Mrs. MARGARET STERRETT, aged 70.
On the 2d inst. Mrs. MARY J. wife of Henry J. Thornton, aged 37 years.
On the 1st inst. ANN PHILLIPS, aged 21 years.
On the 1st inst. ELIZABETH D. HAINES, daughter of the late James Welsh.
On the 31st ult. THADDEUS NELSON, son of Michael and Mary Lukens, aged 13 years.
On the 31st ult. SAMUEL W. WEBB, aged 18 years.
On the 1st inst. TIMOTHY D. HARD, aged 13 years.
On the 1st inst. DAVID W. YOUNG, aged 10 years and 3 months.
On the 1st inst. MARY H. wife of Townsend Sharpless.
On the 1st inst. PATRICK LYNCH, aged 25 years.
On the 3 st ult. CHARLES S son of Charles and Sarah A. Stockton, aged 2 years and 6 months.
On the 1st inst. MARGARET BELLS, daughter of John and Emeline Uber, aged 18 months.
In Philadelphia, on the 25th ult. Mrs. MARTHA J. wife of Mr. Levi Slingluff, of Chester county, Pa. aged 36.
On the 21st ult. Mrs. ESTHER, wife of Joshua Yardley, aged 67 years.
On the 31st ult. PHILIP WALTER, aged 70 years.
On the 30th ult. Mr. ISAAC GUENTHER, aged 45 years.
On the 31st ult. CAROLINE MACHADA, daughter of Chas. and Caroline Shinn aged 2 years and 8 months.
On the 31st ult. TERENCE DONNELLY, aged 21 years.
On the 30th ult. PETER, son of Ann and Wm. Dickers, dec'd, aged 4 years and 9 months.
On the 29th ultimo, Mr. ABRAM H. MAXWELL, aged 22 years and 7 months.
On the 30th ult. MARY A wife of Joseph Harvey, aged 26 years.
On the 29th ult. SUSAN GRAHAM.
At Germantown, on the 29th ult. ANN, wife of Wm. Godber, aged 41 years.
On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARGARET, wife of Chas. Slingman, aged 22 years.
On the 30th ult. MARIA, daughter of Isaac and Mary Myers, aged 2 years and 2 months.
On the 29th ult. Miss MARY STRAHAN, aged 75 years.
In Camden, on the 30th ult. Mrs. ADELINE T. wife of David B. McCully, aged 35 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 29 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VIRGINIA.**	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	30 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Trans Alleghany	2 dis
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Corp's Alexandria	11 dis
Merch bk Burlington	¼ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	¼ dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		**GEORGIA.**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Under 5's	¼ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
MARYLAND.		Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Atlanta	5 dis
Far & Mec bk, Kent Co	25 dis	**ALABAMA.**	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Exchange bk	50 dis	South'n bk of Ala	1 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Other solvent bks	5 dis
NEW YORK.		**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
6th Avenue bk	¼ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis	Solvent bks	½ dis
James bk	25 dis	**OHIO.**	
New Rochelle	30 dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Far bk, Onondaga	25 dis	Bk of Massillon	failed
Mer & Man bk, Oswego	30 dis	Bk of Circleville	25 dis
Far bk, Buffalo	30 dis	Canal Bk Cleveland	5 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis	City Bk Columbus	5 dis
Central bk	1½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
MAINE.		Solvent bks	½ dis
Solvent bks	½ dis	Newport Safety Fund	failed
Bk of Hallowell	7 dis	Kentucky Trust Co	do
Calais bk	12 dis	**INDIANA.**	
Ellsworth bk	20 dis	State Bk	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Free bks	5 to 20 dis
Solvent bks	6 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
VERMONT.		Solvent bks	1 dis
Solvent bks	½ dis	Quincy City bk	failed
South Royalton bk	2 dis	Railroad Bk, Decatur,	5 dis
CONNECTICUT.		**MISSOURI.**	
Solvent bks	1 dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		**TENNESSEE.**	
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
Cheshunte bk	55 dis	Far & Merchants,	
Grocer's bk Boston	10 dis	Memphis,	failed
RHODE ISLAND.		Small notes	2½ dis
Solvent bks	1 dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
Rhode Island Central	5 dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
CANADA.		**ARKANSAS.**	
Solvent bks	2 dis	All bks	no sale
NORTH CAROLINA.		**WISCONSIN.**	
Solvent bks	1½ dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis	**TEXAS.**	
		Com & Agricultural bk, Galveston,	20 dis

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CONTENTS:

Vermont in the Olden Times	A Steeple Chase, Six to One
Yankee Smugglers,	Arrest—Trial—Conviction,
The First and Last Kiss,	Flight in Woods at Midnight,
Story begins to be Interesting,	Allen followed by Wolves,
Women frightened and angry,	Going out in the Wide World,
Mary buys Michael,	Search of a Lost Sister,
Journey over the Mountains	Luthella meets a Wolf,
Looking through the grates,	Apple Parings and Husking,
Toasting the happy pair,	The Old Bell, and its Tones,
The White Phantom,	Tears from a Stone's Heart,
A Race for Life,	Mountain Road and Precipice,
Death of the Smugglers,	Terrible Death,
Wonder succeeds wonder,	The Storm Fiend's Serenade,
The Lost Man on the Ice,	Plunge, Drowning and Rescue,
Very short, but full of Fire,	A Wedding and the End.
A Mountain Thunder-Storm	
A Night Long to Remember	
Plans to Entrap a Partner,	
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Wit and Humor.

THE HUMORS OF THE RAIL.

Passengers by railroad who travel much, have suffered not a little this winter from detention occasioned by snow storms and snow drifts. We chanced to be one of a coachload that was beleaguered a week or two ago, for about three hours on the New York Central Railroad. A light snow had fallen the night before upon the mass of old snow, and the wind springing up and blowing a gale; the track was filled in a deep cut. An army of knights of the shovel was soon on hand, and while they were quarrelling with the drifts, the passengers attempted to "kill time." They succeeded pretty well. An elderly, jocund-looking gentleman took his turn to warm himself by the stove. While enjoying this luxury, he suddenly exclaimed:

"This is the meanest country I was ever in in my life!"

Nobody replied to the remark, though he evidently expected that somebody would. Presently he broke out again:

"I never did see such a mean country as this is! I have heard tell of York State before. This is the first time I was ever in it, and I do hope it will be the last!"

The remark aroused a cadaverous gentleman near by, who had been for five minutes engaged in devouring an apple. Said he:

"Don't see what you find to make a fuss about; can't see anything from the windows of the car that is derogatory to New York as a State."

"Can't, eh?" exclaimed our grumbler. "Yes, I can! I see enough to disgust me with it, and to make me wish I had never seen so mean a State as your State is!"

At this a New Yorker fired up and sung out—"See here, my friend! What is the matter with New York?"

"Matter!" replied the other—"matter enough. Here is New York—the Empire State—the biggest and wealthiest State in the Union."

"We know all that—"

"Of course you do—no disputing it; but as I was saying—here in New York, this great State, boasting of her square miles and her millions of population, and yet so mean that she can't *afford but three feet of snow on a level!* I detest such a State!"

A roar of laughter followed this unexpected announcement. One old chap sung out—"Say, Mister!"

"Say *what?*"

"Say *this.* You talk about snow. Ain't it deep enough for you here? How deep is it where you cum from? Where did you cum from, any way?"

"*Me!* I came from the Superior country."

"How deep's the snow up your way?"

"*Deep!* Bless you, my dear! We don't pretend to live anywhere where it ain't twenty-two feet on a level—and as to drifts! talk about your Peak of Teneriffe and your Himmalayan mountains! Mere knolls compared with them!"

They all let "Old Superior" go after that.

Another fellow insisted that the snow was deep enough in Otsego county to suit anybody. He said when the third storm came, the school-master was boarding out his week with him. He stayed five weeks, and then began to get uneasy. The school house was half a mile away. One morning pedagogue determined to travel out and find the school-house. He started on the crust, and after traversing the usual route, and getting into what he believed to be the immediate vicinity of the school-house, he was nonplussed. No building was in sight. He thought at one time he had found it, but the object that attracted his attention turned out to be the top of a maple tree. Searching around further, he suddenly slumped through the snow and landed in the school-room! He went through the chimney!! Two days afterwards the trustees drew him out with a rope!

"Well!" exclaimed another man, at the end of this yarn, "this is a winter that Clay and Webster would have enjoyed if they had been alive!"

"Clay and Webster?" cried out a dozen, "what on earth has this winter to do with them?"

"A good deal," he replied; "it is a *National* winter. It knows no North, no South, no East, no West. They are skating in Florida, buried in New York, all ice and cold on the Mississippi, and are having considerable winter down East."

—Just at this moment, the snow having been cleared away, toot! toot! screamed the whistle and the train moved on. An hour was pleasantly killed.—*Auburn American.*

TIT FOR TAT.—A courtier who boasted that he would "put down Beaumarchais, originally a watchmaker, but afterwards the music master and favorite of the royal daughters of Louis Quinze, stopped him one day in the midst of a large group of persons, whom he was just coming out of the royal apartments in court dress, and presented a superb watch to him.

"Sir," said the courtier, "since you know all about watchmaking, would you be kind enough just to look at my watch; it is out of order."

"Sir," quietly replied Beaumarchais, "since I have given up attending to watches, I have become very awkward."

"Pray, sir, do not refuse to oblige me."

"As you will; but I warn you that I am very awkward."

On this he took the watch, held it up, under pretext of examining it, and let it drop on the floor; then, making a low bow to the other—"Sir," said he, "I warned you of my extreme awkwardness," and passed on, leaving the other to pick up the fragments of his broken watch.

A JUDGE IN A QUANDARY.—"There are many queer characters around San Francisco," writes an esteemed friend. "——— is one of them. After he had been elected to the responsible office of Justice of the Peace, it was very well understood what his rule of decision would be in certain cases. When the law was clear, he would decide according to law, but when he was in doubt, his doubts were invariably thrown in favor of his friends. But the Judge once got in a terrible quandary; A——— and B——— were opposed in a case before him. He paced the bench backwards and forwards tossing his massy fob-chain, utterly at a loss what to do. At last, however, he broke out with, 'I was never in such a *tight fix in my life.* You must settle this case, boys, between you; *I can't decide against either of you!*"

NOT SO SIMPLE.—As Professor H. was taking a walk one day in the beautiful picturesque environs of Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually termed fools, and the professor accosted him thus: "How long can a person live without brains?" "Odd, I dinna weel ken, sir; but" (scratching his head) "how lang have ye liv'd yersel' sir?"

NEW WAY OF APPLYING LEECHES.—"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? Better, no doubt."

"Oh, yes, surely," said the woman. "He is as well as ever, and gone to the field."

"I thought so," continued the doctor. "The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, of course?"

"Oh yes, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all."

"Take them all! Why, my good woman, how did you apply them?"

"Oh, I managed nicely," said the wife, looking quite contented with herself. "For variety sake, I boiled one half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, for he was better the next morning, and to day he is quite well."

"Umph," said the doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, "if they have cured him that is sufficient, but they would have been better applied externally."

The woman replied that she would do so the next time; and I doubt not that if ever fate throws a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again, she will make a poultice of them.

NEW USE OF AN OLD WORD.—"Julius, you say, you have left Mr. Allen and gone to live with Mr. Green. How did you come to do that?" "He urged me." "Who urged you?" Mr. Allen." "How so?" "With a big boot. I gave his wife sass, and he kicked me off der stoop."

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO MEND CHINA.—From an English almanac we cut a recipe for mending china, a long time since, and the opportunity having occurred for trying, we found it admirable, the fracture scarcely being visible after the article was repaired. It is thus made: Take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot again be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

PRESERVING FURS.—Ladies should remember that a solution of alum and corrosive sublimate, applied to furs, will keep it from falling out. An ounce of each of the above ingredients is to be dissolved in a pint of rain water, and the solution applied to the roots of the furs with a sponge, and if possible put some on the inside of the furs. This solution applied to fur capes, victorines, &c., before they are laid past during warm weather, it is said, will effectually prevent the attacks of moths. Many valuable articles of fur are destroyed every season by moths; if such articles are treated as described, then hung up to dry in a room for a few days, they may be then wrapped in glazed linen, and laid past with perfect safety. The corrosive sublimate, being a poison, must be kept out of the reach of children and thoughtless persons.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The improved process of photography is performed by washing over good letter paper with the following liquid: A saturated solution of succinic acid, two drachms; mucilage of gum arabic, half a drachm; water, one and a half drachms: When the paper is dry, it is washed over once with a solution containing one drachm of nitrate of silver in one ounce of distilled water. The paper is allowed to dry in the dark, and it is fit for use. It can be preserved in a portfolio, and employed at any time in the camera-obscura, exposing it to the light from two to eight minutes according to its vivacity. When the paper is taken out of the camera, no trace of picture can be seen. To produce this effect, mix one drachm of a saturated solution of sulphate of iron, with two or three drachms of mucilage of gum arabic, and brush over the paper evenly with this mixture. In a few seconds the latent images are seen to develope themselves, producing a negative photographic picture. The excess of the iron solution is to be washed off with a sponge whenever the best effect appears. The drawing is then to be soaked a short time in water, and is fixed by washing over with ammonia, or preferably with hyposulphite of soda; taking care to wash out the excess of salt. From the pictures thus produced, any number of others, corrected in light and shadow, may be produced by using like succinated paper, in the common way of transfer in sunshine.—*English Paper.*

MAKING WINE.—While the making of the best wine requires much care, skill and experience, there is no such mystery in the art as may not be readily overcome by ordinary intelligence, and a due degree of attention. Well ripened and sound fruit is essential for the best quality of wine. The pressing is a simple business. After pressing, success depends upon the proper fermentation of the juice. New clean casks, soaked with clean water for a week, or casks used for wine previously, but thoroughly cleansed by scalding with water, and fumigating with sulphur. Into these, the juice is put until within six inches of the bung, and the bung put in loosely, so that the gas can escape. In two or three weeks usually, the fermentation will cease, and the wine become clear. The casks are then to be filled, and the bung tightened. A second, but more moderate fermentation takes place late in the spring. It is better not to bottle for a year or longer after the wine is made. It is after this fit for use and sale. Where the vine is extensively cultivated, wine houses and cellars are established, and it is better that the small cultivator should sell his newly pressed juice to the regular wine maker.

That the cultivation of the vine may prove profitable in the United States, there is little doubt. The average annual yield of the crop in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, is stated at 200 gallons of the juice to the acre. This is worth at the vineyard 80 cents to $1 per gallon; the wine maker purchasing and making a profitable business of preparing it for market, a profit which very many cultivators may secure to themselves by exercising the requisite skill and care in the manufacture of the wine.—*American Farmer.*

MOTIVE.—Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar; for, without these, the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the world is darkness, the river is quickly dry, the pillar rushes into flatness and a ruin; and the action is sinful, or unprofitable and vain. The poor farmer that gave a dish of cold water to Artaxerxes was rewarded with a golden goblet; and he that gives the same to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall have a crown; but if he gives water in despite, when the disciple needs wine or a cordial, his reward shall be to want that water to cool his tongue.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Mr. Peewit, in a certain state of household matters, is obliged to get his meals anyhow and anywhere. The star of womanhood is decidedly in the ascendant.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through the stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly time, fly speedily—
Come, life and light!

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—The second volume of Irving's Life of Washington has just been published. From it we cull the following anecdote. At the time Gen. Washington had his headquarters in Cambridge:

"A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fisticuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. 'At this juncture,' writes our informant, 'Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant was just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's length, talking to and shaking them.'

"As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serenest moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared."

POISONOUS HAIR DYES.—We notice a statement that a short time since a gentleman was placed in a lunatic asylum in Berlin, Prussia, to be treated for mental alienation, brought on by the use of hair dye. On examining the article which he had employed, it was ascertained to be composed of lead, mercury and lunar caustic. It produced violent pains in the head, and at length led to madness.

It would be an admonitory history if it could be written, the experience of the barbers of this State, in the use of hair dyes and hair restoratives. Blindness, deafness and extensive and obstinate ulceration, and in instances, paralysis have been produced by them. One article alone, Twigg's Mixture, has, in the ignorance of hair-dressers, and their customers, caused more mischief than any of us save physicians in full city practice have any idea of. It is marvellous that men do not consider, that such violent alteratives as most of the hair dyes must be, are what are called poisons, and that they can be taken into the human system by absorption through the scalp.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

MANKIND NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.—It is a curious thing that the man, in all England, whose duty it is to know most about crime, has been heard to say, that he finds more and more to excuse in men, and thinks better of human nature, even after tracking it through its most perverse and intolerable courses. * * * * It is the man who has seen nothing of life who is intolerant of his fellow men. * * * * Misanthropical people have, in most cases, been made misanthropes by hoping too much. But go on, thinking the best you can of mankind, working the most you can for them, never scolding them because they will not be wise your way; and, even then, being sure that, think as gently and as lovingly as you can, you have dealt but a scant measure of tolerance to your fellow-man."—*Arthur Helps in Fraser's Magazine, Feb. 1856.*

Agricultural.

ROOT CULTURE.

As we feel desirous of seeing the root culture adopted as a part of the system of every Agriculturist, we again bring the subject before our patrons, in the hope that some at least of them will set so good an example to their neighbors and friends, as to put in a few acres of the roots we shall name, with a view of providing a stock of succulent winter feed for their stock of cattle, sheep and hogs, and particularly for their milch cows and suckling ewes. Especially do we feel a yearning within us to see better provision made for the winter feeding of our *milch cows* than has heretofore obtained among our Agricultural friends. We desire to see those generous creatures so fed, as to place it beyond all doubt that they will yield comparatively liberally to the pail, and thereby enable the good housewife, in Winter, as well as in Spring, Summer and Fall, to have her dairy well supplied with rich butter and cream—a condition to which too many of them have long been strangers. And why? why, simply because their husbands have failed in their duty, to supply succulent food, for their cows. *Dry hay, straw* and *fodder, when fed liberally*, will keep the animals in tolerable condition; but when this kind of food is fed dry, it does not stimulate the milk vessels to the secretion of milk, and hence it is, that most farm-cows, yield in stinted measure, from the time that the pastures are frost-killed in the Fall, until they are warmed into verdure by the rays of the Spring sun. Cows can be, and have been, from the earliest period subsisted upon such provender—but they deserve better treatment than is meted out to them through that system of feeding which condemns them to dry food from December until May, year in and year out, and from which there is no escape, until consigned to the mercies of the butcher-knife. In order, therefore, to bring about a better state of affairs in farm-economy, we seize the occasion to urge upon every owner of a homestead, *to undertake the culture of an acre or two of Parsnips, Carrots and Mangle Wurtzel.*

The same amount of labor that will secure a heavy crop of corn, will enable the grower to raise from 500 to 800 bushels of either of these kinds of roots to the acre; they require about the same kind of manure, and it may be affirmed, with truth, that an acre of either can be raised as cheaply as an acre of corn. And with the view of aiding with our feeble ability we will endeavor to point out the way in which the roots that we recommend to be drilled in early this month may be grown. First then, we will begin with

PARSNIPS,

Which are admitted to be among the first roots in value for feeding milch-cows, being the kind that the farmers of the Island of Guernsey feed their far famed cows upon.

Soil for Parsnips.—The parsnip delights most in a deep, light, sandy-loam, although it will grow in any friable loamy soil—the deeper the soil the better. The soil in which it may be grown must be either naturally fertile, or it must be made so by generous manuring.

Preparation of the Ground.—As when unobstructed the parsnip penetrates the ground to a considerable depth, it would be best to sub-soil the ground in which it may be planted; but if that should be considered too troublesome, or to involve too much labor, plough as deep as a strong team can sink your plough into the ground, harrow it well; then put on fifteen two-horse cart loads of well-rotted stable or barnyard manure, per acre, and cross-plough it in five or six inches deep. Your ploughing being done, harrow thoroughly, and roll. Your land will then be in a condition to drill in the seed, which is best done by a drilling machine, which makes the drill, drops the seed, covers them, and rolls the ground at one and the same operation. The drills to be 18 or 20 inches apart.

If you have not a drilling machine, stretch a line north and south across the land, and draw drills of the width named above, one inch deep, drill in the seed thinly, and cover with a rake, compressing the earth on the seed with the back of the rake. We have found a bottle convenient to drill the seed in with.

Preparation of the Seed.—We prepared the seed for drilling thus:—We poured hot water over them, and let them soak over night. In the morning we drained off the water, and mixed as much plaster, soot and ashes with the seed as were sufficient to separate them; then we mixed two parts sand to one of seed, put the seed thus mixed into a bottle, which we kept well shaken as we drilled in the seed from its mouth. We took pains to drill in the seed as thinly as practicable, and to sow over them a compost made of six parts mould, one part plaster and one part ashes, before covering them, then covered with the rake, and compressed the earth down upon the seed with the back part of the rake.

Those who may not have the requisite quantity of well rotted manure spoken of before, will find a substitute in 200 lbs. of *Peruvian Guano*, two two horse cart loads of rich mould, ten bushels of leached ashes, and one bushel of plaster, which must be well mixed together, sown broadcast and ploughed in as directed for the well rotted manure.

Age of the Seed.—Parsnip seed of more than one year old is very uncertain to come up; care, therefore, should be observed in purchasing it to get fresh seed.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—From 2 to 3 lbs. per acre should be drilled in.

Culture.—When the plants are sufficiently high to allow of it, say 4 or 5 inches high, thin them out, so that the plants will stand from 6 to 8 inches apart in the rows; hand weed around the plants, and weed between the rows with the hoe. In two weeks from this working, give the parsnips a second working, and repeat the working twice more and you may lay your crop by. Care must be taken each time, to relieve the plants from all weeds and grass immediately around them, and to stir the ground well with the hoe between the rows; an open soil and cleanly culture being the things needed to secure a good crop. If the culture be such as is pointed out, a product of from 500 to 1,000 bushels per acre may be realized.

CARROTS.

The *soil, preparation of the soil, quality, kind and quantity of manure*, the same for carrots as we have pointed out for parsnips.

The *preparation of the seed* is a little different. Before putting them into the soak, the seed should be mixed with sand, and rubbed between the palms of the hand, otherwise they are difficult to be drilled in with precision.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—From 2 to 3 lbs. of seed per acre is the right quantity.

At the first working thin the plants so as to stand 6 inches in the rows—the rows 18 inches apart.

The culture the same as for parsnips; at the first working a top dressing or dusting of equal parts of salt, ashes and plaster, will be found useful.

MANGEL WURTZEL.

This root should be managed like the two preceding ones, except that the drills should be 27 inches apart, and the plants when thinned out should stand 12 inches apart in the drills.

The culture is the same, with this exception.—The plants frequently show *two crowns*, one of which must be pinched off, or the roots will fork.

In good, deep loamy soil, well manured with rotten dung, or Peruvian Guano, the soil deeply ploughed, and thoroughly pulverized by harrowing and rolling, Mangel Wurtzel is a most productive root.

From about the 20th of August, till harvested, you may gather leaves from them to feed your milch cows, and repeat the gathering every two weeks, provided you leave the upper series of leaves untouched.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—Three pounds is the proper quantity.

SUGAR BEETS.

These are cultivated precisely as the above.

Kinds for field culture.—*The Altringham, Long Orange*, and *Belgium* or *White Carrots*, are the best for field culture. Of *Parsnips*, what is called the *Large Dutch*, is best.

Time of Sowing Parsnip, Carrot and *Mangel Wurtzel* and Sugar Beet seed, the earlier this month the better.

In feeding Roots to cattle, they should be always sliced, and mixed with cut straw or hay.—*American Farmer.*

SCHTLOWER OIL.—A correspondent of the Morgan [Ohio] Chronicle, quotes the following as a true description of the value of this oil, from an old number of the Albany Cultivator.

"Some years since, several barrels of sunflower oil were made in this county, and those who remember it, never wish to see any more. Some of it was said to have found its way into barrels marked 'linseed oil,' and was used for painting. The paint would not dry, and unless some better drier than any now known can be found, it is useless for that purpose. Some was burned in lamps, in Zanesville, we know. While burning it gave out a large quantity of gas, similar to that of charcoal, deleterious to life and health. It is totally unfit for burning in a close apartment. Some was used for oiling machinery; but it was condemned even for that purpose. The seeds afford a large quantity of oil, but so inferior for all purposes, that its manufacture should not be encouraged."

WORTH KNOWING.—The great difficulty of getting horses from a stable where surrounding buildings are in a state of conflagration, is well known, and that in consequence of such difficulty, arising from the animal's dread of stirring from the scene of destruction, many horses have perished in the flames. A gentleman whose horses had been in great peril from such a cause, having in vain tried to save them, hit upon the experiment of having them harnessed as though they were going to their usual work, when, to his astonishment, they were led from the stable without difficulty.—*Spirit of the Times.*

VALUE OF PUMPKINS FOR MILCH COWS.—I have fed pumpkins to my milch cows the past Fall and thus far this Winter, in small quantities—not more than a peck each per day. Their feed in other respects does not vary very materially from what they have had in past seasons, but one thing is certain, that they give more milk, and the butter has a sweeter taste than in past seasons. This result we attribute to feeding pumpkins. We consider them as next to carrots in value for feeding milch cows in the Winter.—*Correspondent of the Albany Cultivator.*

WEIGHT OF HORSES.—Ordinary sized farm horses weigh from 12 to 13 cwt., riding or harness-horses from 10 to 11 cwt. Amongst the heavy weights was a horse which belonged to the Carron Company, and weighed 18¼ cwt.; one of the heaviest horses in London belongs to Barclay, Perkins & Co., the brewers, which weighs not one ton.

STRAWBERRIES.—The luxuriance and size of these may be greatly promoted and increased, if in times of drought attention be paid to watering them every alternate afternoon. When in flower, the water must not be permitted to touch the flowers.—*American Farmer.*

SOUND ADVICE.—In a celebrated satire (The Pursuits of Literature) much read about twenty-five years ago, I remember one counsel there, addressed to young men, but in fact, of universal application. "I call upon them," said the author, "to dare to be ignorant of many things;" a wise counsel, and justly expressed; for it requires much courage to forsake popular paths of knowledge, merely upon a conviction that they are not favorable to the ultimate ends of knowledge.—*De Quincy.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 22, 11, 32, 7, was a revered divinity among the Northern nations, to whom the 6th day of the week was consecrated.

My 8, 9, 29, 12, 6, 31, 33, 10, was the surname of an English prince.

My 33, 10, 2, 11, 25, 11, 31, 21, 29, 32, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 20, 27, 5, 23, 23, 20, 27, 19, 5, was a noted French cardinal.

My 7, 10, 29, 5, 27, 34, 26, 8, 23, was the founder of tragedy.

My 30, 35, 33, 28, 7, 25, 21, 11, 16, 28, was a well-known philosopher.

My 3, 7, 34, 17, 28, 16, 25, 10, was destroyed by Scipio.

My 15, 21, 31, 33, 3, 4, 14, distributes her favors without judgment.

My 3, 31, 29, 7, 30, 27, 9, 28, was a Roman who slew his sister.

My 30, 14, 11, 27, 9, 26, 32, 22, was a great Athenian orator.

My 12, 18, 16, 26, 14, 26, was one of the wise men of Greece.

My 1, 7, 25, 21, 4, was the chief of the Argonautic expedition.

My 5, 13, 27, 11, 2, 21, was the preceptor of Hercules.

My whole is the name of a distinguished English Poet.

FRANK VINTON.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 94 letters.

My 6, 47, 79, 39, 90, 77, 52, 22, 42, 66, if relating to yourself should be honorable.

My 24, 10, 99, 62, 4, 40, 60, 8, signifies situation.

My 2, 5, 56, 76, 13, 31, 51, pertains to earth.

My 20, 81, 7, 25, 14, 3, is a name for a male.

My 20, 00, 67, 64, 85, is very often abused.

My 18, 74, 71, 83, is a preposition.

My 19, 49, 53, is an article often used.

My 24, 65, 81, is a pronoun.

My 41, 67, signifies relating to.

My 8, 3, is the oblique case of we.

My 11, 53, is a word of denial.

My 54, 93, is a word much used of editors.

My 41, 92, 94, is both a verb and noun.

My 33, 73, 75, 16, is a preposition.

My 84, 68, 15, 63, 55, you must learn to do, ere you can manage a horse.

My 38, 12, 48, 97, 60, is a word often used by sentinels.

My 36, 58, 57, 91, 70, 80, 43, was a President of the United States.

My 99, 72, 33, 46, 26, 28, 22, you often hear of but seldom see.

My 29, 17, 70, 37, 20, 90, 91, 50, 45, is an adjective signifying invariable, unalterable.

My whole was spoken by one of America's most gifted sons, and should ever be responded to by every true American. CARMEW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 6, 15, 19, 11, 6, 7, was the first of the House of Brunswick that ruled over England.

My 1, 5, 16, 4, 16, 11, 5, 19, was a Queen of England.

My 3, 10, 18, 25, 3, 5, 14, was a King of Connaught, Ireland.

My 9, 14, 2, 23, 23, 16, 11, was an Irish patriot.

My 26, 19, 5, 6, 19, 14, 15, 4, was a Regent of Scotland.

My 20, 22, 11, 4, 12, 21, 15, 8, was a favorite of Edward III. of England.

My 10, 7, 10, 24, 13, was a King of ancient France.

My 20, 22, 3, 15, 19, 23, was a general under Bonaparte.

My 6, 2, 3, 18, 16, 9, 18, 11, 23, 21, 20, 22, 23, 18, was a general that besieged Fort Erie during the late war with Great Britain. HUGH B ELY.

Warren Co., N. J.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Just solve me a puzzle, nor deem it absurd,
Though it looks like a flat contradiction,
That we have in our language an every day word,
Just as common as worldly affliction

Take it singly, and no second meaning it bears,
And in no place or book can you find it;
Divide it, and behold it instantly appears,
And remains 'till you have clearly defined it.

Seek where friends can be found when cares weigh you down,
And if this word but answering greet you,
Then fortune has launched forth its heaviest frown,
And despair and keen anguish will meet you.

But if it should answer in two words, not one,
And its sound meets your ear in your trouble,
Relief is at hand and your seeking is done,
And your joy, like the word, will be double.

This word I will here undertake to assert,
When you find with your wit's keen assistance,
I can prove in a manner you will not controvert,
Could never have had an existence.

Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. C. E. K.

☞ Solution requested.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY "CLINT"

My first is what you call the true Christian.
My second is a boy's nickname.
My third is a neuter verb.
My whole is a celebrated city.

Stationville, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a river; my second's a pest:
Keep away from my whole; be sure that 'tis best.

Lexington, Ky. O. L. B.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide 137 lbs into 7 different weights to weigh any number of pounds from 1 to 137 lbs. inclusive; the weights to be used on one side of the scale only, or to weigh in a straightforward manner to accomplish the object.

Groton, Ct. MIRTH.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three numbers which are required; the product of the first and second is equal to the sum of the second and third; the sum of the first and second is equal to the square root of the sum of the squares of the first and third, and the product of the first and third is equal to the difference between the squares of the third and first. Now find the numbers.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Of what trade were all the Presidents of the United States? Ans.—Cabinet-makers.

☞ Why is a piece of sterile ground like a certain toilet article? Ans.—Because it's bare soil. Bear's Oil.

☞ How can you by a mere change of punctuation convert mirth into crime. Ans.—By making man's laughter man-slaughter. CARMEW.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

"Alack, sir, you cannot see your way,
I have no way, and therefore want no eyes.
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects,
Prove our commodities."
—*King Lear, Act Fourth, Scene First.*

MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL ENIGMA.—Professor Benjamin W. Dudley. CHARADE.—Den-eye-son. (Denison.) CHARADE.—Ear-nest. CHARADE.—Sir-ed William (Sweet, Will, I, am.) GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—874.181 square perches. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—10 and 15.

☞ A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," she, "my husband treats me badly." "It's none of my business," replied the King. "But he speaks very ill of you," said the lady. "That," he replied, "is none of your business."